

JULY 1944

BOYS' LIFE

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JULY, 1944

BOYS' LIFE

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The PT's guns raked him from bow to stern, cutting him to splinters

Midget Sluggers

By HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB FINK

JUST before dark one December night last year, a pair of motor torpedo boats slipped quietly from their camouflaged hideout near the mouth of a jungle stream in New Guinea. Aboard one of them was Commander John Bulkeley of "They Were Expendable" fame. The task assigned to the PTs was to patrol the Jap-held shore against enemy attempts to land supplies and reinforcements to Jap troops who for weeks had been retreating slowly before the advance of American and Australian soldiers.

The night was dark and there were strange gray ghosts of fog upon the sea. Through the fog and darkness the PTs moved at slow speed, their engines muffled, lookouts on the forward deck constantly alert. In the cockpits the boat captains and their executive officers conferred in low tones. The eight other members of each boat's crew were ready for instant action. They knew every wrinkle of their

In the Pacific and other war theaters PT boats have time and again proved themselves to be lightweight with a heavyweight punch

job. They had been prowling these waters night after night for a long time.

It was a little after 4:30 in the morning—the darkness a shroud and the fog thicker than ever—when a lookout on the leading torpedo boat spotted something moving toward the cockpit. He relayed the word quietly to the cockpit. The object was a Jap supply craft creeping toward the beach.

The skipper, at the wheel, passed the word to the

PT's radioman. He in turn relayed it by radio to PT number two. "— to —," he intoned, using the code of that particular night. "Enemy landing craft off our port bow. We are attacking!"

The skipper pushed the throttles up against the plexiglass windshield, and the three mighty engines below the afterdeck came to life with a bull-throated roar. The little boat hiked her nose up, buried her tail in a foaming trough, and thundered forward. The gunners in their turrets at the sides of the cockpit wedged themselves a little more securely in place and swung the snouts of their twin 50-caliber machine-guns on the target.

Too late the Jap realized his danger. The PT's guns raked him from bow to stern, cutting him to splinters. Flames and smoke lit up the darkness for an instant before he broke apart, and plunged to the bottom.

The racing PT bounced a little as (To page 24)

Battle Smoke

By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLINTON BROWN

Perhaps he was young but "Mr. Jarvis" proved that he came aboard the ship by merit and not through the hawser hole

ABOVE the thunder and crash of enemy broadsides Joseph Hollowell, of Salem, serving his first tour of duty as gunner aboard the frigate *Constellation*, seemed still to be listening to the echo of Captain Truxton's heavy voice quelling along the gun deck: "Hold your fire, boys! I'll give the word! She's a powerful ship! We must make every shot tell! Make certain of your aim, and aim low!"

Joseph peered anxiously across the black eighteen-pounder at Jack Long while round shot and grape came ploughing and tearing aboard, splintering the stout oak, ripping through the rigging, Jock's face, like the face of Harry Vestry beside him, looked baffled and angry. Was as if both men were asking themselves, "Why does the cap'n not give the word?"

Through the square gun port Joseph could see the shimmering moonlit Caribbean water turn to flaming gold as the guns of the *Vengeance* roared forth. He could see the black lowering masts of the French frigate with her curving canvas and gleaming swaying battle lanterns. He could hear the shrill excited cheering of her crew. He clenched his teeth, struggling to remain calm; nevertheless his mind repeated the question that bedded the two other gunners: "Why does the cap'n not give the word?"

For more than twenty-four hours the *Constellation*, newly built at Baltimore, had been following the chase; for it was the second day of February, in the year 1800, and the young American Republic, having signed a treaty of friendship with Great Britain—with whom the tyrant Napoleon was at war—had sent forth its navy to sink or capture all French vessels preying upon American shipping, shipping that might carry supplies to Britain. For more than twenty-four hours the *Constellation* had struggled against calms and fitful winds in the hope of overhauling her quarry. But now at last, when she was within easy gunshot, the captain withheld the order to fire!

A great cheer rose from the main deck of the *Vengeance* as a cluster of chain shot brought down a mass of rigging from the foremast. Then a shot from one of the carromades on the enemy quarter deck came roaring into the next gun division, knocking out a gun and killing two gunners and wounding a third. Still Captain Truxton withheld the word while the two vessels drew near.

Ramrod in hand, Joseph staggered backward over the heaving, sandaled deck, colliding with a slim young midshipman who was hurrying forward—the youngest officer aboard the ship. As the midshipman thrust him impatiently out of the way, Joseph glared after him, remembering the encounter they had had two mornings earlier. Not a word had he said to Mr. Midshipman James Jarvis on that occasion, following the officer's reprimand for what he had considered tardiness in executing an order, but Mr. Jarvis had guessed what he was thinking, and his smooth face had reddened. "You are thinking, since I am in my early teens, I am too young to be an officer!" he had exclaimed. "Aye, 'tis writ on your face! Others think the same, believing as you do, that I came aboard through the hawser hole, rather than by merit!" And then he had turned angrily on his heel. . . .

Another cluster of chain shot brought down more

of the *Constellation's* forward rigging. A moment later it seemed to Joseph that the great ship suddenly lost speed and swung into the wind. Before he had time to wonder what was happening, the powerful voice of Captain Truxton boomed forth from the direction of the mizen shrouds:

"Fire, my lads!"

Fuses instantly sputtered the whole length of the frigate's gun deck and on her main and quarter decks, where gunners naked to the waist crouched beside their guns, Joseph stripped the ramrod tight, ready for instant action. He could hear the creak of blocks, the spanking of canvas, the swish of white rushing water, the rattle of musketry from the mizzen on both vessels—and then there was a flash and a crash that drowned out all other sounds: the *Constellation's* first broadside—a thing of violence and terror! In the midst of the tumult more than three hundred American seamen sent up a cheer of triumph.

THERE was no answering cheer from the *Vengeance* for most of the round shot had wallowed into her hull and along her crowded decks. As Joseph thrust the ramrod home, he could hear the wailing and the cries of the enemy wounded. He could see nothing except his immediate surroundings. The smoke was in his eyes, in his nostrils, in his lungs—black battle smoke with a stain and a sting to it. It was so thick it hid the flash of the guns as the *Vengeance* responded.

"Grit yer teeth, lad!" Jock shouted. "Twill be a bloody struggle!"

Captain Truxton had deliberately chosen his method of fighting: yard arm to yard arm, the two vessels trading broadside for broadside. There was no chance for careful maneuvering. It was like a hand to hand struggle between two giants. The *Vengeance* had the greater weight of metal, fifty-two guns to the *Constellation's* fifty. She was also the heavier and carried a larger crew—but no matter! The American captain had confidence in his ship and in his men. . . .

Working shoulder to shoulder with the others, Jock had few thoughts for anything except his duties: few thoughts even for the danger all about him or the constant threat of death. Load and ram the charge home! Aim and fire! Then swab out the gun. How much time the gun passed since the last "fire" broadside? He didn't know. Time no longer meant anything. In the leaping flashes the men about him looked like strange glistening monsters.

"She's too hot!" he heard Jock yell at him, and lowering a bucket, he hauled up water and listened to it sizzle and watched it turn to steam on the dark muzzle. A gallant creature, that eighteen-pounder! All she asked for was a few buckets of water now and then. Give her what she needed and she would do her duty.

Load and ram the charge home! Aim and fire! Then swab out the gun. . . .

The moon swung lower and lower and finally dipped below the horizon, and the two ships, racing to ward the southwest, continued to pound each other at short range. "Aim low," Captain Truxton had said, and the gun crews were faithfully following his orders. At the same time it was as if the captain of

the *Vengeance* had shouted, "Aim high!" for her gunners were still concentrating on the *Constellation's* spars and rigging. Again and again a tangled mass would come whistling down, and men would have to go aloft to splice and reeve new gear. So great was the need for repairs that officers soon began to pull men out of the gun divisions to do the work of topmen.

Load and ram the charge home! Aim and fire! There was no cheering now. Hours had passed, and still the gunners were fighting; their guns—grimly, desperately, Joseph felt an ache in his throat, and a loud buzzing in his head. The rest of the crew looked to him more than ever like glistening monsters, and the powder boys sitting on their tubs to keep out the sparks made him think of squatting gnomes. He worked mechanically, feeling that he must go on working till strength failed him; yet despite his fatigue, he was aware of a curious sense of uplift: of comradeship and respect for all aboard the great frigate. All of them from the captain down to the gunnelerie powder boys were working for one thing—victory. Yes, all of them including Mr. Midshipman Jarvis. . . . If he could only see Mr. Jarvis and tell him. . . .

"More water," Jock bellowed, and again Joseph let the bucket fall and then drew it up. Noises all about him: noises that continued and increased after the dying hiss of water boiling on the gun's muzzle—the roar and thunder of the main batteries on both ships, the louder crash of the brevier carromades, the spat and crack of muskets, the cries of the wounded being carried to the cockpit, the rattling of shrouds and the harsh voices of the men working frantically aloft.

"She's cutting us to pieces aloft!" Harry protested, shaking a fist.

"Aye," Jock responded, "but we're doin' the same to her hull, so 'tis more than even!"

ONCE again the gun was adding her savage voice to the rest of the broadside. Yes, she was a gallant creature! It seemed to Joseph that something inexplicable had happened to him. He had never before given much serious thought to things. He hadn't bothered much to use his imagination. A gun was a gun, and a man was a man, that was all. Yet now it was different. The black eighteen-pounder seemed a thing alive, as if it had a personality, as if it knew exactly what it was fighting for! All the guns perhaps were like that. And the three hundred and more men aboard the ship, they were not just ordinary men; they were men who were willing to die for a common cause.

—It must have been about one bell of the midnight watch, following an unusually heavy broadside from the *Constellation* that the sound of cheering reached him from the after part of the vessel. Hours had passed since he had heard cheering. Peering through the port, he had a brief glimpse of the enemy's canvas against the star-filled sky, and he realized that the *Constellation* had managed to range ahead and take a position on the other's bow. No wonder



there was cheering! That last broadside must have raked the *Vengeance* from bow to stern.

A GAIN the guns of the *Constellation* blazed forth, division after division pouring round shot along the enemy's battered decks, and again the sound of cheering rose from the American ship. There was no response: no answering broadside, no reply even from the carronades . . . only the cries of the wounded . . .

"We've silenced her!" Jack yelled, shaking his fists in front of him. "Te our victory, lad!"

"Aye," Harry agreed. "Now we'll take possession!"

At that moment Joseph felt a hand on his shoulder, and facing about, he looked into the face of a young officer. At first glance he thought it was Mr. Jarvis; then he observed with a feeling of regret that the officer was a lieutenant. A tall seaman stood at his elbow.

"Report for duty in the main top," the lieutenant said. "Lost no time about it!"

Joseph followed the tall seaman along the main deck. Much of the smoke had cleared away by now, and he was appalled by the amount of damage the enemy had inflicted. While the *Constellation* headed slowly toward her prize, American sailors worked to clear away the wreckage: shrouds and stays and canvas lying in a welter, some of it mixed up with torn boarding and splinter nets, some of it hanging over the rail. Part of the quarter deck had been shot away, and there were gaping holes in the planks. Here and there lay an overturned carronade, and scattered about were the muskets of marines who had been killed or wounded. But the most appalling thing of all was the mainmast. Enemy fire had carried away every stay and shroud, and the mast itself, badly wounded under the top, was creaking and tottering.

CAZINO upward, Joseph could see dark figures against the ragged sails and hear them calling to one another as they reeved and spliced and cut through tangles. A line came hurtling downward and smacked upon the deck. The seaman beside him seized it and, drawing it taut, secured it to a dead-eye. Then from somewhere aloft a vaguely familiar voice shouted, "Send up more men!"

"Two of us comin'!" the tall seaman shouted back and began to climb.



Hours had passed, and still the gunners were fighting their guns—grimly, desperately

Joseph grasped a part of the tangled rigging hanging against the mast and started after him. He had worked with topmen and had confidence in himself; nevertheless, tired from his arduous duties on the gun deck, he felt a sense of misgiving as he hauled himself higher and higher along the swaying creaking mast. Finally he was on one of the yards where men were slashing away at snarled lines and shreds of sail.

Pausing for breath, he peered outward and downward. Off the starboard bow he could see the *Vengeance* low in the water, her torn sails shining in

the starlight. Topmen were at work among her upper rigging; he could hear them shouting. He closed his eyes momentarily. When he looked again, she seemed to be growing smaller; to be gilding almost imperceptibly away as a freshening breeze filled her sails.

"You! Lend a hand with this brace!" Again that vaguely familiar voice.

Joseph jerked his head sidewise and in the starshine looked full into the face of Mr. Jarvis. "Aye, sir!" he replied and edged along the yard. He was suddenly happy without quite knowing. (To page 39)



THIS sketch of Major Burnham made by Lord Baden-Powell back in 1896 has always fascinated me, particularly because Major Burnham is one of the last of the old-time Scouts. Do you ever get to do exactly what you have long wanted to do? I did. I wanted to meet a real veteran Scout. I knew Major Burnham was Chief of the Scouts on the personal staff of Lord Roberts in the Boer War. I knew he had what the red Indian has, that he had scouted with Baden-Powell. I knew he lived in California and last March I was on my way to California.

By appointment I was admitted. There he was—the man of all men I wanted to see. His close cropped hair is white now and all the whiter because of his ruddy face. But what got me was his eyes. The blue! blue you ever saw—keen, kindly, penetrating. He looked clear through me and somehow I was not embarrassed. We talked Scouting—old days in the West and Southwest, in Africa. His hands are incredibly swift. He is awake all-over. I had read his book. I had to see him. I did. I asked our mutual friend Mr. E. B. DeGroot, former Scout Executive of Los Angeles and long a friend of Major Burnham, to write the story of Lord Roberts' Chief of Scouts. Here it is.

—ELBERT K. FRITZWELL, Chief Scout Executive and Editor of BOYS' LIFE

Veteran Scout

By E. B. DeGROOT

HE LIVES in Hollywood, California, the renegade and habitué of famous motion picture actors. But he is not of that clan, for at no time in his colorful career could he have been persuaded to play-act. His real life adventures and heroic triumphs related in his book "Scouting On Two Continents" surpass all silver screen versions and depictions of adventure, perils and valor.

He is Major Frederick Russell Burnham, D.S.O. Despite his eighty-three years, his posture is no less impressive than the posture of a young soldier at attention. He steps as sprightly as a panther. His mind is as nimble, attentive and retentive as that of a memory expert. His eyes glow with warmth and friendliness, yet these same eyes search and penetrate like an X-ray. In stature he is a small man, but cast against the background of his countless frontier exploits he is a giant—a David in the presence of Goliath. Today, at eighty-three years of age, he is a man of grace, dignity and gentle demeanor—and not without traces of his earlier physical prowess.

Our hero was born on an Indian reservation, and his childhood days were spent in the midst of the vicissitudes of frontier life. Escape from a tragic death occurred when he was but two years old. The quick thinking and heroic action of his courageous mother turned the trick of escape. Sioux Indians were on the warpath and the Burnham homestead

lay in the path of the onrushings of the marauding and murderous Indians. His father had gone to a distant trading post for powder and bullets and his mother was left alone in the log cabin home with her infant son. The only hope of or means of escape was to outrun the approaching savages. To attempt this with a babe in arms meant slow progress, early exhaustion and consequent capture and death for both the mother and baby. So the quick-thinking mother hid her baby in a stack of cornstalks, bidding the little lad to remain in complete concealment and utter silence until she returned. The brave and resourceful mother then ran six miles to a stockade of safety, looking back in her flight in the night to see smoke and flames which told her that the Burnham homestead was no more. Next morning at daybreak, accompanied by armed neighbors, she returned to the stack of cornstalks and found her obedient son, safe and sound, and as told in his blinking eyes, ready for more frontier adventure.

The succeeding childhood days of our hero were spent in family migrations—across sun-seared deserts, snow-capped mountains, and through deep and forbidding gorges—"Westward-ho!" in the spirit of the times. Emerging from the stage of childhood and into the self-confidence of rugged boyhood, he performed many toilsome chores, gave himself to dreams of far adventure, and withstood the ambitions of his elders who tried to guide his life in the direction of a business career. At eighteen years



Alone, and with others, he fought the savage Apache Indians in life-or-death battles

of age he struck out on his own—into the great southwest, where freedom and high adventure had been beckoning and calling him in his dreams.

He learned his scoutcraft from many old and renowned frontiersmen—notably from a man named Lee, prospector and master of scouting the wily and most savage of all Indians, the Apaches; and from a man named Holmes, who had served as a scout under John C. Fremont, Kit Carson and other famous pathfinders and Indian fighters. Holmes was now an old man and, fearing that his end was not far off and having lost his entire family in Indian wars he wanted to find someone to whom he might impart the frontier knowledge he had accumulated throughout his long and venturesome life. He chose young Burnham for this purpose. For six months he took this eighteen-year-old lad into the deserts, mountains and many other wild and forbidding places of Arizona, New Mexico, and Sonora, Mexico, and taught him the secrets and details of trailing, hunting and many other things which measure the resources and fortitude of a frontier scout.

ONE of the early adventures of our hero—now "Scout Burnham"—was a trip of five hundred miles, alone and on foot, sleeping by day and picking his way by night to elude hostile Indians who were on the warpath. He rode the range as a tireless and fearless cowboy. He encountered and eluded the snares of frontier outlaws who sought by clever

"Scouting On Two Continents." By Major Frederick Burnham. J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Calif.



And once by masterful scouting and clever maneuvering he outwitted some of Geronimo's scouts, and escaped what would have been a death trap on a dike of rocks in the Arizona desert

tricks to engage him in their desperate trade. Alone, and with others, he fought the savage Apache Indians in life-or-death battles. And once by masterful scouting and clever maneuvering he outwitted some of Geronimo's scouts, and escaped what would have been a death trap on a dike of rocks in the Arizona desert.

On foot or on horseback he was swift, enduring, master of stealth, and a dead shot with pistol or rifle. In the presence of savage man or ferocious beast he was cool, resourceful and unconquerable. Eventually, he matched if not surpassed the skills, endurance, cunning, hardihood and courage possessed by all of the earlier and contemporary frontier scouts. As the result of diligent training he had sharpened his senses of perception—hearing, sight, touch, smell, taste—to such a degree of acuteness as to make him "head man" in any company engaged in trailing or evading savage man or wild beast. Day or night, his sense of direction was as unerring as the needle of a compass. Savages referred to him as the "scout who sees in the dark."

Over and above the marks which identified him as a bold frontier scout, he was remarkable for self-mastery, carried a high purpose and possessed a trustworthy character which enabled him to stand forth (albeit modestly, and so judged by others) as the ace of aces in the annals of scouting on the American continent. Little wonder that this master of Scouting attracted the attention of the colonizing leaders of

the British Empire who called him to their service in their problems of domination in South Africa. Thus was he destined to continue his scouting on another and far-distant continent, and to triumph surpassing in historical significance the wildest dreams of his youth and his countless heroic exploits on the American continent.

IN 1893, our Ace of Scouts sailed into the harbor of Durban, on the eastern coast of South Africa, 7600 nautical miles from the point of his embarkation in England. Here he outfitted in a most ingenious manner for his trek to Salisbury, a British outpost, more than a thousand miles to the north. Only a cool, brave and resourceful scout could have survived this long trek in the veldt (wild land), for he was beset with strange experiences, extreme perils, encounters with hostile savages, and exposure to the attacks of ferocious beasts.

Part way out, he fell in with British and Boer scouts and joined them in scouting the signs of war, for the fierce-fighting Matabele savages were then giving evidence of going on the warpath. He astonished Britisher and Boer with his skills, resourcefulness, bravery and endurance. This was but a way-faring interlude, and he resumed his trek which, unexpectedly, terminated in Victoria, two hundred miles south of Salisbury, his original destination. His trek from Durban to Victoria had taken four months. To the astonishment of the old settlers, his light and

seemingly frail outfit (compared to the heavy and cumbersome ox carts of the Boers) withstood every test on the veldt.

Victoria was seething with horrifying tales and evidence that the Matabele were on the warpath to dispossess and murder all of the whites in what they, the savages, considered the physical and spiritual domain of the black man. Victoria was now the scene of hurried military preparation not only to ward off ominous attack, but to carry the fight to the outermost lair of the Matabele at Bulawayo, the capital of the savage Matabele nation, two hundred miles south of Victoria. Burnham joined the British military forces as a scout and participated manfully and heroically in months of perilous fighting and desperate fighting. The odds were overwhelmingly in favor of the blacks. King Lobengula, monarch of the Matabele nation, had a fighting force of twenty thousand gun men and eighty thousand spear men. Against this legion of savage warriors, there rode but seven hundred white men, hurriedly organized and meagerly equipped, but fearless and determined to outfist, outgame and conquer the Matabele.

The foregoing narrative is but a pretide to the scouting exploits and renewals achieved in South Africa by our hero. He had participated heroically and brilliantly in a war which resulted in the defeat of the savage Matabele, the surrender of their guns and spears, the capture of their capital, Bulawayo, the later death of their King, Lobengula, and the addition of 450,000 square miles of territory to the British Empire. A treaty was made with the Matabele which gave them an almost equal chance with the white settlers to go their way in peaceful pursuits.

THREE years later, in 1896, this happy condition of affairs gave way to a second Matabele war. A new, crafty and influential King had ascended the throne of the savages. He was known as the M'limo (the Mouthpiece of God), and he rallied the Matabele with promises of medicine that would enable their warriors to avenge the previous defeat and the death of their King, Lobengula. Thus the British and the Boers were again forced to abandon their peaceful pursuits to engage the savages in more of bloody fighting. Bulawayo, the late capital of the Matabele nation, was now in the possession of the whites. Here the new colonists and old settlers established their base of defensive operations and fortified the settlement as best they could. Brave and experienced British military officers took over. Valiant and resourceful Burnham was made Chief of Scouts of the military forces.

The Matabele were now on the warpath in a mysterious manner. Scouting their actions, it was observed that they were gathering in such force and disposition as to cast doubt on escape or survival, particularly if they should attack in force. At the outset, their attacks were limited to the massacre of whole families in the outlying villages, and to frequent sorties in the direction of (To page 32)



Major Burnham shortly after the Boer War

"Help!" yelled Buzz under the fond impression that he was being rescued. "Help!" yelled Jim, losing his right stirrup and all hope at the same time



Tale of Two Horses

By B. J. CHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY VANCE LOCKE

BUZZ THOMPSON shot into the living room, seized upon his brother who was peacefully settled in an armchair, and waved a letter under his nose.

Jim sighed a resigned sigh and unwound from the cushions. "It's from Tommy," he deduced, peering at the envelope. "I recognize what he laughingly calls his handwriting."

"Big news," said Buzz. "He wants us to spend next month with him in the country, and his father is buying a horse."

"A what?"

"A horse."

"Why?" said Jim reasonably.

Buzz looked at his brother with genuine pain. "You do manage to ask the darnedest questions," he complained. "How should I know why? They want to ride it, I suppose. Here, I'll read what he says." He unfolded the letter and began to decipher it, picking his way carefully among the blot. "We want you and Jim to spend a month—it looks like youth, but I guess it's month—with us in the country. Dad has—it looks more like bisected, but I guess it's decided—Dad has decided to buy a horse, and we will have a sweet time—"

"What kind of a time?"

"Sweet. S-w-e-e-t. New slang term, I guess," Buzz

Maybe the horse is man's noblest friend, but Tommy wasn't anxious to establish any beautiful friendships

glared at the page and then gave a triumphant yelp. "Oh, I get it—it's swell. We will have a swell time. So let me know if you can come next month—month—and give my regards to everybody. Your pal, Tommy. Wincob!" He braved exhaustively and collapsed on the sofa. "How's that for a swell invitation?"

"Sweet, you mean," said Jim. "Very sweet indeed. A horse, huh? They must be renting that same place on the Bay they had last summer."

"Probably." Buzz became suddenly pensive. "Jim, I've been thinking—"

"It's the company you keep," said Jim unsympathetically. "You can't say I haven't warned you."

"Hush your fuss. I've been thinking about Tommy and the horse. Do you remember the Christmas vacation we spent with him and his father at that cabin?"

Jim shuddered delicately. "I do indeed. They put us on skis and then skied circles around us, while we fell into every snowdrift in sight. I was a fine old Roman ruin, I was. Why? What put skis in our head?"

"The horse. It's just occurred to me," said Buzz in sepulchral tones, "that the horse is going to be exactly like the skis. By next month, Tommy is going to know all about riding, while we—"

Jim said thoughtfully, "I see what you mean."

A deep silence settled over the room, during which Buzz sank lower and lower into the sofa, his feet waving in the air. Then he gave a sudden shout and surged upwards. "I've got it!"

Jim said mildly that he hoped it wasn't catching.

Buzz ignored him. "What we'll do," he said firmly, "is learn to ride before we go out there. Then—"

"Riding lessons," said Jim, "cost millions."

"True. But it doesn't cost much to rent a horse, especially if we aren't fussy, and we could teach ourselves in a week. I'll study it up first at the library, and in no time we'll be galloping in all directions. Then we can give good old Tommy the shock of his career, and besides we'll enjoy our month in the country ten times as much."

"Okay," said Jim, having spent most of his life being resigned to his brother's ideas.

ONE of the hired horses was named Clementine, and the other Lightning, which struck Jim as a peculiar combination. Buzz said airily that names didn't mean anything and then seized Clementine's reins and said he would ride her. Jim said, didn't he think he would prefer Lightning's? Buzz said, no, no, he wanted Jim to have only the best and a horse named Lightning must be good.

"He'd better be," said Jim grimly, stroking Lightning's ears and murmuring "Nice horse" with some doubt.

"I shall now," said his brother learnedly, "impart to you the information I collected from the library. The initial step is mounting."

Jim said it seemed logical.

"First," said Buzz, sitting the action to the word, "we put our left foot in the stirrup. Oh, help! I'm splitting!" If he grabbed for the saddle and hung on desperately, remarking over his shoulder that no horse should be allowed to grow so tall. "You do the same thing with Lightning, Jim."

Jim sighed, took hold of the saddle and swung one leg up to the stirrup. He miscalculated his distances, gave Lightning an involuntary kick in the ribs and came back to earth, Lightning, with considerable restraint, merely turned his crassy head and gave his would-be rider a hard look.

"Well, I'm sorry," Jim muttered. If he then added that if he had known he was going mountain climbing he would have brought a rope and a St. Bernard dog.

"Swing the leg up easily," said Buzz.

"Unquote," said Jim bitterly, sized, swung the leg up and, to everyone's surprise, got his foot into the stirrup.

Jim sighed, his brother approved. "Now, we bound into the saddle."

"Bound?" said Jim in a quiet voice.

"Bound," said Buzz. "Like this." He bounded upwards, throwing his right leg about in a graceful manner. As a bound it was splendid, and it had the added attraction of getting him well into the air above Clementine. Unfortunately, he bounded too far, started to go off the other side, and only saved himself by a last second grab at the reins.

Clementine gave a short, So did Jim.

"Seems to me you bounded right out of bounds," said Jim critically. "I shall simply climb. Hold still, Lightning old boy. I'm a-comin'."

No one could have called it a spirited ascent, and it was accompanied by considerable impassioned grunting, but time brings all things and eventually the heights of Lightning were scaled and Jim was in the saddle.

"You don't happen to have an oxygen mask handy, Buzz?" he inquired. "Air's rather thin up here. What on earth are all these reins for?"

"Snaffle and curb," Buzz supplied promptly with an air of vast learning, and dug in his pocket for a fold of paper. "I had to write down about how to hold them, because it's rather complicated. Let's see—left snaffle outside little finger of left hand, left curb between third and fourth fingers, right snaffle between thumb and forefinger—whoops!—curb rein between first and second and—"

After a moment, Jim said politely, "What's it going to be when you've finished knitting?"

Buzz looked down at his inextricably wound-up fingers and said candidly that he really didn't know yet but he thought it might make a nice tea cozy. "Look, pal, you read the instructions to me, huh? Here."

It took ten minutes' hard work to organize the reins, and Clementine became thoroughly bored and took to shifting her feet around and making outraged snuffling noises.

"Okay," said Buzz at last. "Here we go. Come on, Clemmy. Alles-ooop." He then stuck his heel into her side, and Clementine did the alles while Buzz did the oop. Another frenzied grab at the reins corrected her impression that he desired speed, but the look she gave him would have withered a less sensitive soul than Buzz's.

"We'll just walk at first," said Buzz. "Quietly and with dignity."

QUIETLY and with dignity, they walked. A beautiful calm settled on them all. It was a lovely day, and the view from the horses' backs was most pleasing. Buzz began to hum something to the effect that he was a lone cowboy and Jim joined in. A feeling of tremendous competence seized them and Buzz interrupted a survey of his intentions toward the Rio Grande to observe that Tommy was going to turn bright purple with surprise when he saw them in action.

Jim nodded happily, lulled by the soothing rhythm.

"And what does the book tell us to do next?"

"Trot," said Buzz. "All very simple. One merely shortens the reins—touches the horse with the heel—thus—and—Hey, Clementine! Wait!"

For Clementine, a cooperative little lady if ever there was one, he had obediently begun to trot. She rose and Buzz rose with her, but it was the last time that happened. She caught him on the second bounce, and the next time she rose Buzz was coming down.

"Whoa!" Buzz yelled. "Gurk! Clementine! WHOA!"

Clementine kept gaily on, leaving Lightning and Jim behind her in the road. Jim observing anxiously and trying to deduce from Buzz's exhibition just what the library had said about trotting, shook his head in a mystified manner. That close sympathy between horse and rider which is so invaluable seemed somehow to be lacking. Any contact established between Buzz and Clementine was purely coincidental.

"Well, well," said Jim, and absently gazed upon the reins which he had allowed to slacken on Lightning's neck. Lightning, mistaking this for an invitation to the walk and anxious to catch up with Clementine, the old pal of his, gave a heave like a deep charge, collected himself and burst into a fine care canter.

THE first heave sent Jim up out of the saddle and when he came down he was practically sitting on Lightning's tail. The next heave corrected this situation, and Jim moved up front with his nose buried in the horse's mane and his arms wound passionately around its neck. Lightning caught up with Clementine in two leaps.

"Help!" yelled Buzz, under the fond impression

that he was being rescued.

"Help! Help!" yelled Jim, losing his right stirrup and all hope in the same moment.

"Lightning, whoa! Halt! Hold still! Horse, be reasonable!"

Lightning, faintly disconcerted by a rider who evidently thought he was a necktie, slowed down, gave a few unpleasant bounces, and then came to a puzzled halt. Jim grunted pitiously, unwound his arms from about his neck, held and glared gently to earth. Clementine stopped trotting so suddenly that Buzz nearly went off over her head.

"Oooooo-woooo!" said Buzz.

Jim lay on the ground for a moment, then rolled over and got to his hands and knees. He then gave a stricken yelp, announcing that he was done for, forever, and presented Lightning with what could only be described as a dirty look. Lightning, however, was thoughtfully chewing a piece of landscape at the moment and missed it.

"I'm ruined," said Jim.

Buzz said, "I think you were centering. I was trotting." He then added, "At least, Clementine was trotting. I was working against her. Jim—"

"Yes?" said Jim in hollow tones, arising stiffly.

"It seems to me," said his brother, "that we should walk home very quietly. How does it seem to you?"

"To me," said Jim, "it seems that we should be carried home on a stretcher. Two stretchers. Buzz, this was your idea."

Buzz admitted that it was. He then had a typical resurgence of optimism, entirely owing to the fact that Clementine was standing still. "Our great mistake was in not learning what to do with a trot and canter. There must be methods—I just didn't read far enough. Tomorrow," he said, "we will do it right."

"Tomorrow?" his brother

murmured faintly. "Look, you may be a relative, but there are limits. For me and Lightning, there is no tomorrow. We have quit."

"Tomorrow," Buzz was firm. "Think of spending that month with Tommy and having him gloating over us. Besides," he added devastatingly, "I've paid for the horses in advance."

HE then turned Clementine's head toward home by the simple means of pulling on a rein, and this success so excited him that he was quite bright and cheerful until he got to the stables and slid to earth, whereupon he began groaning again, very sympathically.

But he groaned even more the next morning when he woke up.

Jim awakened by these sad sounds, rolled over lightly in bed and immediately regretted the rash act. Jointly the brothers sat up and howled.

"It will wear off," said Buzz after a moment of feeling his bones. "The best cure for stiffness is doing the same thing over again. Now, about trotting, it seems that my mistake was in not posting. One should rise to the trot. It's all a matter of rhythm, and today I fully expect to master it. As to the canter—"

"I don't want to hear about it," said Jim between his teeth.

"Oh, yes, you do," Buzz assured him. "What you should do now in the canter is sit back and relax."

"Ha."

"Keeping," said Buzz, "the spine erect."

"Ha. Ha. Did you say erect or wrecked?"

"You'll love it. By tonight, everything will be different."

This was, in a sense, quite true. Everything was different because they were both (To page 20)



Finally Jim said plaintively, "You're standing up already. It won't kill you to stagger to the door."



Fire Watch

By JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DUDLEY

Synopsis

PETER LACHLAN gets a job as Towerman under Forest Ranger John Crow and takes with him to the forest his young brother, Red, and their terrier, Crusty. The Ranger is disgusted and angered to find that his new man has brought with him a boy and a dog. He sends them stumbling over a rough trail in the falling night to the tower and cabin six miles away. New to the woods the boys are frightened by the animal sounds and finally think something is chasing them. Clearing up the cabin, which is in filthy condition, showing recent occupancy, keeps the boys up till two o'clock. Hardly, they think, have they settled down to sleep when the Ranger's son Tom arrives with supplies and to show Peter what his duties are. Later a former Towerman, Pete Motto, dismissed for incompetence, sneaks up and shows his bitterness over loss of the job. Red is ridiculously caught in a bear trap of his own device, and then a cave. Here they find evidence of the work of deer poachers. Later, Peter reports a big fire and when all the fire fighters are working on it, sees another at just the spot where he knows Red has gone, the little forest dell.

Conclusion

FROM the base of the tower Peter looked about for smoke but could not see it through the trees. An acrid and pungent odor had crept out of the valley to taint the air and set his eyes to smarting. He raced to the cabin and stopped at the door as though he half expected Red and Crusty to meet him there. But the cabin was empty. Red and Crusty were—Peter's lip quivered as he thought of the burning laurel. He admonished himself.

"Take it easy, Pete."

But a mighty, almost overwhelming fear throbbled within him. Red had gone to the bluff. Suppose the

poacher had returned to his lair? Suppose Red had met him and there had been trouble? Suppose—

"Take it easy, Pete," Peter said again. "Going off half cocked won't help anything."

He selected a rake and smashed the steel head down on the cabin floor. Splinters curled back and the heavy impact travelled up the wooden handle to sting his hand. But the rake did not crack. Peter set it aside, such a rake would not break when he needed it most out on the bluff. He chose an axe and filed a canteen with water. Then, as an afterthought, he thrust a first aid kit inside his shirt and a big handkerchief in each pocket.

When he went outside smoke was drifting over the

"Fool kids in the woods! Fool red-headed city kids startin' fo'rs!"

cabin partially obscuring the sun and tracing wavering shadows on the ground. He looked up at the tower to get a bearing. The quickest way to the head of the bluff was straight up the rim of Coon-Tail Hollow. He had never been that way but he had studied it from the tower. There were no dips or hollows on the rim and as long as he did not get down he had to come out at the head of the bluff. Peter shook his head, a little surprised.

It was not Peter Lachlan standing here, at least not the Peter Lachlan who had waited for the conductor to tell him to board the train, the lad who had permitted himself to be bullied by John Crow, the one who loved books but was forever at a loss when any important decision was to be made. That Peter would have been either in the tower praying that everything would be all right or else racing in wild panic towards the fire. This Peter was a thoroughly frightened person, but withal a cool one. He could not define the exact moment when the transition had taken place. But it had taken place. And it was a good feeling.

Peter began to run, carrying the axe in one hand and the fire rake in the other. Carefully he counted off one hundred steps, and settled down to walk the next hundred. The wind had died. The smoke spiraled straight up.

ALTERNATELY walking one hundred steps and running the next hundred, Peter fought his way up the rim of Coon-Tail Hollow. He came to a thick, blackberry brambles half as thick as his wrist filling a narrow lane in the forest. Peter attacked them furiously with the axe, cut a path through and went on. He lifted the axe in his hand appraisingly as though it was a newly discovered extension of his own arm that could be put to many uses. The old Peter would have hesitated before the bramble thicket, waiting for somebody else to suggest something.

He leaped a little gully that conducted a trickle of water down the mountain. The smoke was rolling up thickly now and whenever the flames discovered something particularly acceptable to their hungry jaws they devoured it ravenously. Peter stopped suddenly.

A buck deer was limping down the valley's rim towards him. The buck's head, with its knobby, velvet-covered growth of new antlers, was low to the ground. His tail was plastered flat against his rump. The buck caught Peter's sense and was shot. But its legs wade apart while he watched. He turned to bound away and collapsed in a limp heap. Peter ran forward. The deer lay dead on its side. And the fletched shaft of an arrow protruded from his chest, just behind the left front leg. Two bright drops of blood clung to the edge of the wound.

Peter clenched his fists and stared wild-eyed at the dead buck. The poacher was clever, very clever. A bow made no noise. Here on Leaky Oak, where the deer hadn't been hunted in six months and would scarcely bother to move out of a man's path, an expert archer would find easy hunting. Peter thought of the six hides in the cavern, none of which had been bullet-marked. He looked again at the dead buck. It could not have been shot. But it had come from the thicket. Peter groaned. The poacher had come back to his lair, and had shot another deer. Red had witnessed the shooting. And now—

Peter began to run. A cold, gnawing fear crept into the depths of his vitals and ran with him, but a furious anger had mounted throughout his entire being. Somebody was trying to kill Red. Peter clenched his fist around the axe and gritted his teeth. Somebody was trying to kill Red. But Red couldn't be in that fire!

Peter moaned a little, knowing with his mind what his heart told him could not be true. Red could be, and probably was, in it. Suddenly he found himself in a clear space with only small rocks beneath his feet. Smoke drifted into the clearing. Peter coughed, and wiped his eyes with a handkerchief. From the tower, the only clear space he had been able to see on the rim of Coon-Tail Hollow was directly in the line of the bluff. The fire seemed to be burning directly beneath him. He turned to face it.

Carried by the flame's fierce blast soot and ashes that had been whirled high into the air settled about him. The yellow smoke rolled up in billowing clouds so thick and ugly that they seemed to be solid substance. Peter looked beneath the smoke blanket and saw the tops of some of the gnarled

trees. The ravine leading to the grassy dell where Red had practiced must be about in the center of the bluff. But the ravine ran out in the dell and where to go now? Peter groaned and stifled a wild impulse to plunge into the thicket. But to do that was to invite certain, ghastly death. The waxy laurel was burning hard. Once within it, unless he knew the positive location of some refuge such as the grassy dell or the rocky ravine, a man would be lost. Peter climbed on a tall boulder and stood trying to orient himself.

A RED fox flashed out of the thicket and over the boulders. Without looking back, he leaped from one rock to the other and into the forest on the other side. Five seconds later another fox followed the first. Peter looked at the thing she carried in her mouth. It was a squirming cub that kicked and wriggled as its mother carried this alone of all her children out of the woodland holocaust. A grouse flew out of the thicket, circled, and went back into it.

Peter walked carefully along the border of the thicket, peering into it for some trace of something familiar; it seemed that there should be such a thing. Then suddenly—

"Hey! Hey there!"

He turned around. Three men had come out of the forest and were running towards the fire. Peter recognized John Crow, looking strangely hump-backed with the heavy pump strapped to his shoulders. In his right hand he carried a curved bush hook. Tom Crow, armed with a rake, ran behind his father. Peter cut back to meet them. The third man was a lean, mustached, tobacco chewing individual who seemed to stop and deliberate every time he put a foot down. Yet he ran as fast as the others and gave the impression of being able to run much faster. He swung the axe and fire rake he carried as though they were toys.

"Where's your brother?" John Crow panted.

"I don't know."

"Is he in that thicket?"

"He must be."

"Speak, boy! This is no time for nonsense!"

Peter gulped. "Red came out here to practice on his saxophone. And there's been a poacher operating around here."

"How do you know?"

"Red and I found his cave. There's six deer skins in it, and the head of a buck with horns. He killed them with a bow and arrow."

"Why didn't you report this?"

"I didn't want to talk over the phone. I asked Tom to have you come up. But you were busy."

"Go on."

"When I came up here a wounded buck ran out of the thicket. He has an arrow in him and is lying

back in the forest now. Mr. Crow, I think—I think Red met that poacher in the thicket and this fire is meant to kill Red!"

"How did your brother usually come into the thicket?"

"Down to the valley and up the ravine."

"Hm-m," Crow bit his lower lip. "He wouldn't go back that way with fire behind him. Of course you didn't see him on your way up. Where did he usually go in the thicket?"

"There's a small clearing at the head of the bluff. A tall elm grows there, and there's a rock at the elm's base. Red sat on the rock to practice."

"Saxophone!" the third man snorted. "All this on account a kid's gotta blow his horn!"

"Red didn't—", said Peter hoily.

Crow broke in. "We'll find out all about that later. Tom, you and Solly take this man and go down to hit the south end. She'll burn that way hardest. Hit the north end when you're finished down there. Lachlan, I'll want to see that buck you spoke of and to question you and your brother when this is done."

"I'm going to look for Red," declared Peter.

The Ranger's huge hand shot out and twined itself in the collar of Peter's shirt. He yanked Peter very close to him.

"Lachlan," he said bluntly, "do as you're told and use your head. You haven't a Chinaman's chance of finding anybody in there!"

PETER stared back, surprised to find himself unafraid. Yet he could still think clearly enough to recognize the innate good sense in the older man's words. The thing to do was put out the fire. There was no certainty that Red was in it or that Red would not find his own way out if he was in danger. And it was utterly futile, however heroic, to risk death when you did not know what you were about or where you were going. Peter felt a little dazed and it was as though the old Peter had stolen back to replace the glorious new one. Someone had come to take command, someone who knew what to do.

He glanced over his shoulder. Tom and Solly were trotting towards the south end of the thicket. The Ranger had disappeared somewhere in the swirling smoke wreaths. Peter turned to follow Tom. He breathed a lung full of smoke, coughed, and again wiped his eyes with a handkerchief. He groped his way to the rim of Coon-Tail Hollow.

Solly had gone over, was twenty feet down the slope swinging the fire rake with one hand and holding the axe in readiness with the other. He reached forward, slammed the rake's four pointed teeth down in the leaves and jerked them back to clear a space three feet wide. Effortlessly, working with the mechanical precision of a machine, he lengthened the fire path he was making. When a (70 page 26)

Near the end of the tree, partially concealed by an outjutting limb, a man lay flat on his back





Camping with Green Bar Bill.

SCHOOL is out. Summer vacation is on. Your Troop is off for camp!

And what a swell time you'll have if each Patrol has planned the job in advance, with full consideration of the four things that make a successful camp: (1) Sufficient personnel and Patrol equipment, (2) a comfortable camp set-up, (3) good meals, (4) a snappy daily program.

Your Equipment

What do I mean by sufficient equipment? you ask. Let's have a look. I think you'll find that you'll need approximately the following in the line of **PERSONAL EQUIPMENT**:

- Pack (of sufficient size)
- 2 blankets or sleeping bag
- Poncho or rain coat
- Change of underwear and stockings
- Sweater or lumberjacket (for cold evenings)
- Swimming trunks
- Extra handkerchiefs
- Plate, bowl, cup, fork, knife, spoon
- Soap, towel, toothbrush, paste, comb
- Extra pair of shoes
- String and safety pins
- Matches
- Notebook and pencil
- Flashlight, camera, knife, Handbook (?)

As for **PATROL EQUIPMENT**, here's a check list for you:

- Tentage—with poles, ground sheets and pegs
- Tarp for dining shelter
- 1 or 2 spades
- 1 or 2 axes
- 11-gallon cooking pots
- 2 8" frying pans
- 2 water pails
- Kitchen tools—knives, ladles, can opener
- First Aid kit
- Provision bags
- Butter container
- String, rope, wire, nails
- Scoutcraft equipment: Signaling flags, tracking iron, etc.

Game equipment (as wanted)
Looks like a lot? It is, if you are behind schedule on your preparations. But if you are the vigorous,

outdoor type of a Patrol, I'm pretty certain you already have most of it.

All the Comforts of Home

When a real camper comes, he wants to have a good time, and he wants to be comfortable. And to be comfortable, there are any number of camp improvements you can make.

Take your kitchen lay-out, for instance. Why use a fire place smack on the ground, when, with very little trouble, you can make a raised one that will keep you from getting a pain in your neck every time you peep into a pot? And, of course, you'll want to have a rustic kitchen table, a rack for pots and pans,

a refrigerator, a garbage pit and grease trap.

For comfort in eating, make benches and a table with poles for legs, straight sticks for the top. In your tent put up a shoe rack for extra shoes and coat hangers for your uniform. Outside, have a tripod for your wash basin and a line for your towels.

Well, I could go on and on telling you of the possibilities in camp improvements. But why should I? The map above and the photographs on these pages will give you all the ideas you need.

"Come and Get It"

Good meals in camp are made by Patrol cooking. And Patrol cooking means meals prepared for the whole gang at one time, and served at the appointed hour as a family meal.

To do the job right, line up the menus before camp, do your shopping on a Patrol basis, and use an efficient cooking organization.

The simplest organization consists of putting half of the gang into action as a cooking group, with responsibilities distributed somewhat like this: John, head cook; Pete, assistant cook; Bob, woodman; Charley, waterboy.

Bob lights the fire and keeps it going. Charley gets the water and keeps the kitchen tidy, while John and Pete go right smack to it and get the cooking done with the least waste of effort and motion.

The responsibilities are changed daily.

I have seen this scheme work in dozens of Patrols. And it has made my heart feel proud on realizing the number of George Bectors we have in our Movement.

And if you want to know the kind of compliment that is, ask your mater. Mamma knows!

The Day in Camp

What'll we do in camp? Plenty!

First of all, there's **CAMPING** to be done—learning to take care of yourself in the wilds, learning all the tricks of an experienced camper.

There's **SCOUTCRAFT**—mapping, signaling, first aid, tracking and all the other things that will make you a First Class Scout—and I do mean *first class*!

WATER ACTIVITIES—getting to be an expert swimmer and life saver, practicing silent swimming, swimming with your clothes on, using your shirt for a life preserver; rowing and canoeing.

PIONEERING—learning how to use an axe, how to lash a signal tower, build a bridge.

GAMES—Treasure Hunts and Capture the Flag in the daytime, and at night exciting Commando Games, tough ones, finding your way in the dark, signaling by fire.

NATURE LORE—Bird hikes in the early morning hours; expeditions for rare plants or minerals; learning to identify the trees.

CAMP FIRES—quiet Patrol fires, more spectacular Troop camp fires that will help to make Patrol and Troop spirit grow.

And finally, there are **CAMP GOOD TURNS**, which may involve helping a local farmer harvest his crop, working in nearby Victory Gardens, planting trees.

Through it all, camp will teach you how to get along with other fellows, how to work with other Patrols. It will give you the chance to do your bit to make your Troop the strong, efficient Scouting team you want it to be.

GOOD CAMPING to you all!



KITCHEN A good FIRE PLACE is a necessity in the kitchen. A Keep the wood in your WOOD PILE sorted raised one is very much worth the effort of building it. between stakes driven into the ground.

**BEDROOM**

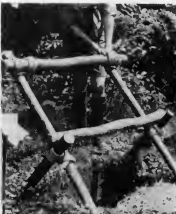
Pitch your TENT by pegging down the four corners first, then raise the poles. Finally adjust guy lines.



In making DITCH (above) in case of rain, place sods away from tent. Put up SHOE SCRAPER and SHOE STAND (below).



You will have a comfortable bed if you use a STRAW TICK for mattress.

**BATHROOM**

Lash together a tripod for a WASHSTAND. Each boy has his own basin. SHOWER can be improvised from a pail and tin can.

One of the very first camp structures to be made is the LATRINE. It can be a simple straddle latrine, screened by brush or you can build a rustic seat over it.

**DINING ROOM**

For comfortable dining, TABLE and BENCHES. One kind is made by lashing poles together. A simpler arrangement consists of two ditches. In case of rain, stretch tarpaulin over table and ditches.

A SERVING TABLE with PLATE RACK is produced from saplings and thin sticks.



A PATROL KITCHEN BOX can be knocked together from pieces of scrap wood. The hinged lid makes good table.

Dig REFRIGERATOR in ground or use water-soaked burlap cooler.

GREASE PIT has straw-covered wicker lid. Change straw daily. Dig a GARBAGE PIT.

Be prepared against fire by having handy a couple of filled FIRE PAILS.

A Report to the Owners of

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A SERIOUS TIRE SITUATION. Because of the critical rubber shortage, the present tires on your vehicles may be all you'll have for the duration. Because of this serious situation, they must be made to last by keeping them free from abuse and properly inflated at all times. It's a fact that a tire underinflated 6 lbs. loses up to 30% of its potential mileage.

Since Pearl Harbor new car, tire and tube production has been limited principally to military and essential wartime needs. Inner tubes equipped with Standard Tire Valves in civilian service today are, on the average, over 5 years old—with millions 10 to 15 years old. Five years and more of constant use with no apparent relief in sight means but one thing—even more wear and tear.

HERE'S GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOUR TIRE VALVES! Tire Valves are built with standardized replaceable parts—for your convenience. This standardization that began 46 years ago, is widespread throughout the world today, due to the foresight and progressiveness of the tire and automotive industry. One size valve cap and valve core will fit every one of the more

than 189,000,000 standard valves in use in the United States alone. Standard caps and cores may be obtained wherever gas or tires are sold or flats repaired.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE YOUR TIRES LAST. See that every tire valve is air-tight. 1. Inspect the core to see if it is damaged and replace only if necessary. 2. Be sure that a Standard Valve Cap is on every tire valve, for if a core is damaged and you cannot get another one immediately, the cap screwed down finger-tight absolutely guarantees an air-tight valve seal. 3. If your tire still loses air excessively... *after* you have inflated it to the correct war-time pressure and sealed the valve with a Standard Air-tight Valve Cap... you know the leak is in the tube. Have the tube fixed immediately, for underinflation ruins a tire, breaks down the side walls and, as a result, the tire cannot be recapped.

To conserve vital rubber, every man, woman and child should see that a Standard Tire Valve Cap is on every valve. You can tell at a glance when one is needed. Next time you get gas—get air—get air-tight Schrader Caps.

Reprints of this advertisement are available for Bulletin Boards

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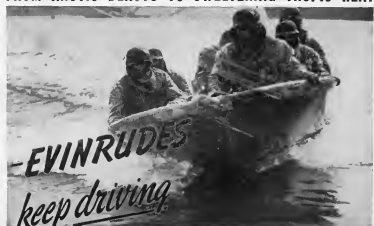
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1 Jungle Ambulance! Over jungle trails, miles are measured in endless hours of labored, painful progress. But here an Evinrude-powered small boat helps guide wounded jungle fighters fast and merciful transport from front line to the base.



2 Crew Carries Boat — and motor! So light are the Army's Scout Boats that their crews can readily carry them and their powerful motors. Underway, they "plane" like racers, can be "crash-landed" on beaches completely clear of the water.



3 On Rubber Boats, as on many types of craft, outboards are the only practical motors! Evinrudes power many sizes of rubber hulls, from small Navy utility boat to large earming and landing boats with a load capacity of several tons.



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THINK and GRIN

Edited by Frank Rigney

JULY 4th and fireworks are all over the world—most of them fireworks of destruction.

To the man in the moon this earth must look like a giant sparkler. Someday, soon we hope, he will be seeing celebration fireworks spelling "Allied Victory." In the meantime everybody is helping to make that day come nearer and there is no time to waste on that slow, dull-glowing piece of punk known as Old Idle Five Minutes. Let's throw a bucket of water on him, or stamp him out, or do something to quench him completely. For the best quenchers—that is for the best jokes you send in—selected and published—Boy Scout Diaries will be awarded.

SLIP THROUGH

Mother: What do you want to take your cod liver oil with, today, Junior?
Junior: With a fork.

SOUP TO NUTS

Mr. Smith: This soup tastes funny.
Walter: Why don't you laugh, then.

BACK TALK

"Did you say the man was shot in the woods, Doctor?"
"No, I said he was shot in the lumber region."



SUCCESSFUL

A man took a vacation to forget everything. The first night at the hotel he opened his grip and found that he had forgotten everything.

ON THE WAY

Joe: You'll be a great wit when you're twice as old, Moe.
Moe: What makes you say that?
Joe: Well, you're a half wit already.

A BUST

Auctioneer: What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?
Man (in crowd): That's not Burns—that's Shakespeare.
Auctioneer: Well, folks, the joke's on me. That shows what I know about the Bible.

GOING UP

Son: Give me a dime, Dad.
Dad: Don't you think you're getting too big to be forever asking for dimes?
Son: I guess you're right, Dad. Let me have a dollar, please.

HEH-HEH

"Bill has fever and is running a temperature."

"How high?"
"Two baes."
"Two baes?"
"Yes, he has hay-fever."

GENEROUS

Girl friend: Um! That food smells good.
Boy friend: Yes, let's stop and smell it a while, dear.

HEAT WAVE

"How cold is she?"
"I dunno. But when they brought in her birthday cake all lit up, six guests fainting from the heat."

FAME

Scoutmaster: Why is Francis Scott Key so famous?
Tenderfoot: Wain't he the only one who ever memorized all four verses of the Star Spangled Banner?

TWINK HARD, TWINK AGAIN

As the Scout was in the north woods he looked at the north star and said, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder where I are!"

NO PULL

A lady walked into a butcher shop, and, pointing, said to the butcher: Give me ten pounds of this, ten pounds of that and thirty-six pounds of this. Oh, yes! will you please deliver this."
Butcher: I can't.
Lady: I see your delivery wagon out front, why can't you deliver it?
Butcher: You just bought the horse.

THE EXPLANATION

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said Captain Bowsprit, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."
"Mercy!" cried one of his listeners of the fair sex. "How could they talk?"
"They couldn't," snapped the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."

SEE!

A man went out in his yard to plant a victory garden. His wife came out to check his actions.
Wife: What are you going to plant?
Husband: I am going to plant C food.
Wife: Sea food? Why that's fish.
Husband: No, it isn't. It's corn, cabbage and carrots.

SMILE PENALTY

"How did you get that swollen jaw?"
"A girl cracked a smile."
"Well?"
"It was my smile."

FLOORED

Visitor: My, what a large skating rink!
Manager: Yes, indeed. It has a seating capacity of 5,000.

TIME

"Isn't he remarkable? He's 98 years old."
"Oh, I don't know. Look how long it took him to do it."



DIDN'T FIT

A salesman trying to sell a winded horse to the Army, trotted him around for inspection and then stopped and stroked his back, saying, "He has a beautiful coat hasn't he?" The Army buyer, listening to the horse's breathing, replied, "Oh his coat is all right but I don't like his pants."

ON A BRANCH LINE

Customer (on telephone): Hello, Humane Society? There is a meter reader sitting in a tree teasing my dog. What'll I do about it?

vest pocket power



Why put an air-cooled aircraft engine in a tank? Because no other engine packs as much power into such small size. Tanks and gun carriers slog into battle on caterpillar treads, but they are similar to aircraft in that they require an engine high in power, small in size, and light in weight. Other engines of equal power are massive, creating a vicious circle in which large size demands more armor plate, in turn adding weight and calling for more power to maintain speed.

Seasoned by years of operation in transport, private, and trainer planes, the Wright Whirlwind was the logical choice for the Army's medium tanks and gun carriers.

This engine, weighing but a scant 1% of the M-4 tank's 30 tons, packs 400 HP plus in its 45" diameter.

Enlisted in our armored divisions, the Whirlwind was assigned to combat duty with virtually all medium tanks and heavy gun carriers to reach the fighting fronts. In no sense a competitor to the air tonnage hauling Cyclone, the Whirlwind has nonetheless lived up to the Wright engine family tradition for light, compact power, adaptable to many purposes.

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YIPPEE! The water sure feels great after a dusty hike. A smoothly organized Patrol will pair off and use the Buddy System for the little swimming session at the old swimming hole. There are no limits to safety. Every few minutes the Patrol Leader should blow his whistle and count noses. On hearing the whistle or other signal, each swimmer must immediately seek out his buddy, get hold of his hand and hold it high so that the Leader can check up quickly.

A Camp Refrigerator

A GOOD way to keep your butter and other perishable foods cool is to put it in a pot or jar, then put the pot or jar into a running stream or a spring. The water will keep it cool until you are ready to use it—Life Scout Bernard Russell, Flying Eagle Patrol, Troop 41, Brewton, Alabama.

Camp Cot insulation

IF EVER you are caught in camp by cold weather and there is a shortage of blankets and bedding, you can keep warm if there are some old newspapers around.

Spread several layers of newspapers on your cot before you put your bedding on it. The newspapers will insulate the cot and keep the cold from coming through underneath. This can mean the difference between a sleepless cold night and a comfortable warm snooze.—Second Class Scout James Griffing, Swallow Patrol, Troop 118, McPherson, Kansas.

Only the Matches Are Dry

HERE is a swell firemaking contest to spring on the Patrol. On a hike prepare one firemaking layout for each Scout by drawing a two foot circle on the ground and drenching it with water. In the puddle of mud put the wood that is to be used. All the wood must be soaked too. Now give each Scout two matches and let them go to it. The fire must be made from the wet wood and it must be inside the circle.

It is really funny to see the fellows trying to build their fires. The trick is to lay a foundation of wet wood in the puddle and skin the bark or chop into the other wood to get dry firewood.—S. P. L. George Woolery, Troop 151, Los Angeles, Calif.

Steal the Bacon via Morse Code

DO YOU want some variation in your weekly game of "Steal the Bacon"? Well, here's a new way to play it.

Pick your best Morse Code signaller to operate the Troop buzzer. Line up the rest of the Troop into two equal teams and assign a letter instead of a number to each man. When the Scout operating the buzzer sends out a letter (say the letter "d" by buzzing dahdidit), the two Scouts with the letter dash out on the floor and try to get the bacon (a hat or neckerchief). The one who runs it over his team's goal without being touched by his opponent scores a point for his team. After sixteen points game.—Patrol Leader John Hudock, Owl Patrol, Troop 18, Hazleton, Penna.

Learn Compass by Competition

ANY game that is fun and teaches something is swell for those Patrol Meetings of yours. Here's a compass brush-up. On the floor of your meeting room draw a circle with a six foot radius. On the edge of this circle draw sixteen one foot circles. Label any one north and divide your gang into two even groups. Now set each team in a line on opposite sides of the compass and call out a compass point. The first man on each team rushes out and tries to step into the right circle before his opponent does. First one in the right circle gets a point and fifteen points is game. To make the game harder it is a good idea to change the position of north from time to time. After every game appoint a new man to call out compass points and to referee.—D. R. Heath, Stag patrol, Troop 57, Waltham, Mass.

SEND US A ONE-DOLLAR POSTAL CARD

Get you have several stunts or tricks just as good as those above—maybe better! LET US HAVE THEM!

Write out your suggestion for a game, contest, handicraft, Patrol activity, camping idea and whatnot on an ORDINARY PENNY POSTAL CARD. Include your name, address, Patrol name, Troop number. Send to "Our Duffel Bag", c/o BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

BOYS' LIFE will pay ONE DOLLAR for each suggestion published. If the same idea is submitted by more than one reader, the first one received will get the dollar.



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In his thoughts of the future—as in yours—there are probably plans for another trip to the haunts of the mighty moose or the bounding whitetail.

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Tale of Two Horses

(Continued from page 9)

stiff in entirely new places. Buzz's merry optimism about posting turned out to be quite unfounded, and he and Clementine were still working counter-clockwise with all their calculations going to Clementine. Lightning, on the other hand, simply didn't like to trot. Lightning liked to canter.

The morning's outing, therefore, consisted of Buzz going out—two-bump—three-bump, and Jim going—heave—bump—crash—heave. By the time it was over, the only thing that kept Jim sticking grimly to the proposition was the strictly commercial point of view he had toward Buzz's cash transaction with the stables.

THE next day, however, he succeeded in getting Lightning to trot. His impression that he had plumbed the depths of equestrian experience was thereby corrected. He had not, it seemed, even skimmed the surface. Lightning's version of trotting was high, wide and frightful, and he got a gruesome tilt to his ears and a look in his eye that made it perfectly plain to Jim that the whole thing was a plot.

"Splendid," gasped Buzz, bouncing at his side. Buzz was trying to get Clementine to canter, and Clementine was compromising on a sort of sideways galumph that was first cousin to a train wreck. "But you're supposed to—rise in the saddle."

"I am rising," Jim shrieked. "And I don't like it!"

"On-purpose—I mean," said Buzz, coming down suddenly where Clementine wasn't and grabbing for a handful of mane to re-establish their relationship. "Look, horse, darn you, canter!"

He lifted the reins recklessly and gave them a good hard shake. The inevitable immediately happened, and good little Clementine, full of goodwill, surged obediently upwards.

As a canter, it was beautiful but brief. Buzz automatically grabbed for more mane, clutched her tail instead on the way out, and ended sliding on the roadside in a patch of thistles.

This was the point at which Jim clearly should have dismounted and gone to his brother's aid. Unfortunately, this was instead the point at which Lightning suddenly bolted for home.

"That's a nice brotherly act for you," said Buzz bitterly, and, rising slowly from the ground, he began to remove some of the sharper thistles from his person.

When the brothers met again, Jim was reclining pitifully on a couch with six sofa pillows at strategic points. Buzz, limping into the room, decided he would lean on the mantelpiece for reasons best known to himself.

A weighty silence filled the room and then the doorbell rang twice.

"You go," said Jim, not stirring.

"Postman," said Buzz thinly.

"Oh."

More silence. Finally Jim said plaintively, "You're standing up already. It wouldn't kill you to stagger to the door."

"My staggering days are over," said Buzz.

"Oh," said Jim. Another silence. Then, "It might be a letter."

"I don't care if it's a rhinoceros coming by parcel post, I'm not going to move for anyone." He then added,

"Darn you," very feelingly and crawled off to the door.

Jim readjusted a cushion and sighed. Buzz came back with an envelope. "It's from Tommy," he said, slitting it and opening the letter out. "Dear Buzz," he read, "it was—uh—m—well to hear you and Jim are coming—uh—something the weather something. Well something about the weather, and then a blot. The horse—"

There was a sudden pause that stretched out unexpectedly.

Jim raised himself tenderly on one elbow. "Well?"

"The horse—the horse—" Buzz's voice sounded rather strained.

A slightly stricken look appeared on Jim's face. "Well, read it. What's happened to the horse?"

"The horse—" Buzz gulped, closed his eyes, opened them again, and then read the next sentence very fast. "The horse has five bedrooms and a beautiful view."

Jim forgot that he was a broken man and sat upright on the couch. "WHAT?"

"You heard me," said Buzz, sounding pale. "The horse has five bedrooms and a beautiful view. Jim—" He gulped again. "Jim, I'm very much afraid we read Tommy's first letter wrong. I'm afraid his father has bought a house, not a horse."

"This," said Jim, "is the end." He laid himself back on the cushions.

"Yes," said Buzz.

"I told you personally responsible for all my woes," said Jim. "It was you who misread that letter. It was you who insisted on hiring those two equine fiends. It was you who—"

"Yes," said Buzz.

There was some more silence. "And furthermore," said Jim severely, "henceforth I shall turn a deaf ear to all your bright ideas. Go away and have them somewhere else."

"Yes," said Buzz very meekly, and went back to lean on the mantelpiece. But after a moment he turned around and added, "But you know, Jim, I did get Clementine to canter. It seems a pity to waste all we've learned, and really everyone ought to be able to ride a horse."

"Buzz!" Jim started to rise from the couch, then sank back with a howl of pain. "Listen, if you're suggesting that I deliberately get on top of one of those four-footed roly pollys again, all I can say is you're stark staring mad."

"You'll learn to love it," said Buzz, unmoved. He then added, "Besides, this horse is man's noblest friend, and who are you to spoil a beautiful friendship?"

Jim gave a hoarse laugh. Under the circumstances there was nothing else for him to do.

A VIGOROUS story about two youths who spend a winter trapping in a wild section of British Columbia is **STARBUCK VALLEY WINTER** by **ROBERT L. HAY-DROW** (published by Morrow, price 12.00). The boys encounter hardship, good luck and bad, an accident and a mystery. They think they have an enemy but he turns out to be a good and helpful friend. The book is full of incident, of the winter out of doors, has description of trapping, of the cozy cabin the boys occupy and of the wild country, but specially good is the characterization.

Answer to "Let's go Hunting" puzzle on page 14. By dropping one letter from each object pictured the word **MOOSE** is made. 1. Match (choit); 2. Stove (vest); 3. Wagon (gnaw); 4. Sofa (ool); 5. Snake (soak).

WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING WORKING

BUT

THIS ONE



It has taken some doing to handle the war load thrust upon the railroads—more than twice as much freight and nearly four times as much passenger traffic as in ordinary times.

And, because of other war needs for materials, it has had to be done with very little additional equipment.

But with the good sportsmanship of travelers and the surpassing aid of shippers the job is being done.

Doing it, though, demands that the railroads use every piece of serviceable equipment or equipment which can be made

serviceable. And so they've got everything working now to do the job that must be done now.

But there's still a job ahead—first and foremost, a growing war job, and after that the work of making these railroads ready for the service of the America of the future.

That's why the railroads are not only working but are studying so as to keep ahead of their appointed tasks—to meet the nation's war needs now, and later to provide for peacetime America the finest transportation that experience, plus modern materials and science, can devise.



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Wrinkles and Gadgets

Cook in Comfort

If your Patrol has a favorite hiking destination in the woods you can save yourself a lot of uncomfortable back-bending over your cooking fire by building an "altar fireplace."

The job is a simple one. Just build a table size mound of earth; put stones or logs or clay around it to keep the earth firmly in place, then pound the dirt top flat and hard. Now the gang will be able to build a good cooking fire on this "table" and produce a tasty hike meal in comfort.

Thirst Quencher

A handy wrinkle for hot summer hikes is this method of providing yourself with a lemonade anytime you come to water. Squeeze several lemons over a thin layer of sugar. When this has thoroughly dried, place it in any small container which you can take along on your hikes. To make the lemonade just mix some of the sugar with water as you need it. You'll find this a swell thirst quencher that will keep you from "spitting cotton."

A Good Erset If you are planning some overnight hikes this season you will be looking for a ground cloth. The rubberized ones are scarce for the duration but you can easily make yourself a suitable substitute.

Buy or beg three yards of oil cloth. You should be able to pick up a bargain for the pattern won't matter and you can take any odd lot. It doesn't last nearly as long as the old rubberized kind but, unless you do a lot of hike camping, it is more economical.

Other advantages are its light weight and the small amount of space it takes up in your bag. It can be taken on long hikes and used to rig up a temporary shelter in sudden rain. You can even make a poncho out of it and save many an outdoor holiday by being independent of the weather.

Keeping Hike Sites Clean You can make garbage and refuse disposal an easy task at your Patrol

hike camp if you build an outdoor incinerator of soda having an inside diameter of about one foot. Be sure to have plenty of openings all around the bottom to create a good draught and this incinerator will burn almost anything. Tin cans and other refuse which cannot be burned can be buried.

Check Your Hiking Kit It's an old trail saying that "an ounce in the morning weighs a pound at night." That old pack seems to get heavier as you go along, so on a

hike you should avoid carrying a single unnecessary ounce of weight. After each hike, why not check up on the things you took and make a list of those you did not use. Keep this list and you will be surprised how quickly you will begin to eliminate useless items and add others you could have used but forgot to take along. After a few hikes you will be carrying only what you need.

Rainy Day Firemaking

When the day is damp and drizzly, and your fuel supply is soggy, starting a cooking fire can be a tough job. Here is a wrinkle that will make your task a lot easier. Carry a small piece of candle somewhere in the corner of your pack. Then, instead of burning half a box of matches trying to make an impression on wet wood, you can use the candle to provide a constant flame. When the wood catches fire return the rest of the candle to its place in your pack for another rainy day emergency.

Some Wood If you learn the fuel

Burns Better value of the various woods you take a long step toward becoming an expert fire-maker. Some of the woods that burn well while still green include beech, Douglas fir, the red and white spruces, tamarack, lodgepole and red pines, black locust, and most of the ashes, not black ash.

For Good Hiking Dress properly for your hike. Be sure you will be

comfortable. Wear old shoes that have been broken in. Keep together if you are hiking with your Patrol or Troop, you'll find it's more fun. Remember that a hike is not a race. Take it easy and rest frequently if you are hiking over rough or mountainous terrain. Enjoy your rests by having someone tell a story or by playing some Scout quiz game. Carry your own water or drink only such water as has been tested and found pure.

More Hints Don't spend more than half of your available

time in coming and going. For example, if you intend to be out six hours plan a hike that will take you three hours for the round trip. This will give you at least three hours for fun and Scouting practice at your destination. Don't waste time on things you can do better or as well at home. Have something in mind when you start. Make it a collecting hike, or a tracking hike, or nature observation hike, or even a wide-games hike.

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PARIS

BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

Midget Sluggers

(Continued from page 3)

she sped through the bubbling sea above the enemy's grave. Her guns silent now, she roared past, then slowed. Her men did not cheer. Sinking a Jap supply boat was all in a night's work.

Suddenly a lookout yelled, "Another one up ahead! This one's big!"

The second Jap was an armored landing barge, every inch of her metal interior jammed with troops. She had guns of her own, including cannon, and used them. But the swerving PT was too elusive a target, and the enemy's bullets went wide.

With that phosphorescent rooster-tail glowing in her wake again, the PT thundered down on Jap number two, her twin turrets pouring out a lethal fire and many of her topside crew blazing away with Tommy-guns. She sped past at top speed and turned to attack again. These armored landing craft were hard nuts to crack.

Suddenly a third Japanese craft was sighted. But now there were two PTs thundering to the attack. Again and again they rushed at the Japs, smoothing them with gunfire, and the Japs turned to repeat the assault. The Japs fought back at speeding targets too swift for them—mere ghosts in the night.

IN THE end the PTs' crews were forced to use hand grenades. But as dawn grayed the nearby shore and its Jap-infested jungle, the second enemy craft came apart and sank, and the answering fire from Jap number three was silenced.

When the PT men boarded the last of the enemy craft, they found its occupants dead, its gasoline drums and crates of food riddled by bullets. The Japs ashore were in desperate need of that food and fuel—and of the reinforcements who would never join them in opposing the Allied advance through the jungle. Once more, as on many a previous occasion, the intrepid little PT boats had done a thorough job.

No other type of naval vessel could have done the job so well, for in these treacherous waters, poorly charted and studded with coral reefs, larger ships could not safely operate. The need was for small, speedy craft, able to employ stealth and yet deliver a knock-out punch against any opposition. What better answer to the problem than the plywood PT boats—seventy-seven to eighty feet long, inexpensive, lightly manned, yet armed to the teeth with .50-caliber and 20-millimeter machine-guns, depth charges and torpedoes?

One murky December night in 1942, a pair of PTs patrolled the disputed waters of "Sleepless Lagoon," off Guadalcanal. The Japanese grip on Guadalcanal was being prised loose and the Japs were soon to lose the island altogether.

Suddenly, close to the Jap-held shore, a dark spectre rose from the ocean's depths, the sea rushing along her deck and swirling about her conning tower as she surfaced. An enemy submarine. And out from shore, where the jungle crept in a tangle to the edge of the beach, sped a Jap landing barge loaded with passengers. These must be passengers of importance! The enemy aspirants wanted them safely removed from the island before the final showdown.

One of the prowling PTs was almost on top of the sub when it appeared—much too close for a torpedo shot. Unhappily, she was directly in the second torpedo boat's line of fire. But the

skipper of boat number two was Lieutenant Jack Searies, a former Scout from New Jersey, who had been hurling his little thunder boat at the enemy since October and knew every secret of her capabilities. Later he was to become commander of famous Squadron X.

With a whispered word to his exec, Searies lined up the sub in his sights and loosed two of her torpedoes. Before the Jap could discover his danger and crash-dive, the two "fish" were streaking toward him. One of them passed under—but safely under!—the stern of the nearer PT! Both of them exploded with a roar in the submarine's vitals.

The undersea craft broke in half and sank. Then, together, the two PTs roared down on the hapless landing craft. An hour later they were back at their Tulagi base with the craft in tow.

ONCE more an important enemy move had been frustrated by the alert little thunder boats. How important? Jack Searies was awarded the coveted Navy Cross for his work that night. To Lieutenant Al Snowball and the eight enlisted men of the PT's crew went the Silver Star, "for participation in a daring operation which thwarted an important enemy mission." The conservative Navy is not overly generous with its Navy Crosses and Silver Stars. They have to be earned!

In the beginning, the little PT boats were looked upon with some doubt by

the men who plan our naval strategy. Nothing much was known of their capabilities. True, Battleship squadrons in the Philippines had covered itself with glory, but naval men pointed out quite properly that these boats had fought as guerrillas, operating singly for the most part and employing tactics made possible only because we were hopelessly in retreat. How would the PTs shape up when tried as a team and employed offensively?

The question was not fully answered until the end of 1942. In August of that year our Marines halted the Jap drive through the Solomon Islands by swarming ashore on Guadalcanal to seize Henderson Field. Then began a six-months' bitter struggle for an island, unparalleled in the history of warfare.

The Japs had naval superiority. In their bases to the northwest, notably on Bougainville at the head of "The Slot," they were able to muster powerful fleets of warships—and did so. We, on the other hand, were admittedly still struggling to recover from the losses suffered at Pearl Harbor, and were forced to husband our forces carefully. American task forces, never very large, cruised the Coral Sea south of Guadalcanal, awaiting word from reconnaissance planes that the enemy was about to strike at the island in force. When he struck, we rushed to meet him, and on several occasions decisively defeated him. But when he elected instead to send down small, swift groups of destroyers and cruisers under cover of darkness, we were not able to displace him. We lacked the ships to do so. Something, however, had to be done about these nighty trips of the Bou-

Do You Know That?

In New Zealand on North Island, the native women cook their food over holes in the ground from which jets of steam, continuously boiling, make a perpetual heat.—*M. White, St. Petersburg, Florida.*

A poisonous plant in the West Indies is so deadly that even water dripping from its leaves will burn and blister one's skin.—*Robert Rosenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The full name of the Marquis de Lafayette who came to aid George Washington and his American army was Marie Joseph Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier.—*John Thomas, Pasadena, California.*

Every year nearly 1,000,000 man-days are tied up in fighting forest fires in the United States.—*Jimmy McCulloch, Decatur, Ala.*

You can see a volcano from any part of the Central American republic of Salvador.—*John Graham, Marlboro, Mass.*

The Black Crowned Night Heron literally jumps for fish. He attracts them by exposing a luminous spot on his breast.—*Benjamin Blodgett, Bucksport, Maine.*

A nylon rope half an inch in diameter will lift a load of three tons.—*Herbert Applestein, Philadelphia, Pa.*

James Corbett, one of the great boxers, never had a black eye or a bloody nose in his eighteen years of ring experience.—*Carl Hantula, Roseville, Michigan.*

Rawhide things are used instead of bolts on the wooden transport sleds for Arctic troops because metal snaps under sub-zero stress.—*Thomas Leighton, Birmingham, Alabama.*

The temperature in Azila, Tunis, reached one hundred and thirty-six degrees above zero. In contrast, the coldest inhabited spot on this earth is Verkhoyansk, Siberia, where the lowest temperature reading is ninety degrees below zero.

New-born opossums are so tiny that it takes a hundred to equal the weight of a silver dollar, yet they grow up to weigh from ten to fourteen pounds each.—*Keith Miller, Chatsworth, Ill.*

Flowers close on rainy days to keep their petals from getting wet.—*Dean Jarvis, East Grand Forks, Minn.*

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ganville Express. The enemy was getting troops ashore in sufficient number to drive our Marines back into the sea. He was putting ashore supplies and munitions. Worst of all, the Express never failed to stand off shore, protected by darkness, and subject our troops to a merciless shelling which was wearing them down and sapping their strength.

We needed, obviously, a counter force which could be based in the area itself and could hit back with force enough to discourage the enemy's parade of ships. There seemed to be only one answer—PT boats. Naval men wondered if the little PTs would prove effective against enemy cruisers and destroyers. The odds seemed overwhelming.

In October the first contingent of PTs arrived. A base on Tulagi, just across "Sleepless Lagoon" from Guadalcanal, had been readied for them. They were a "secret weapon," frankly an experiment. The fate of Guadalcanal might hang upon their success or failure.

On October 13, the night after their arrival, the first four thunder boats of now famous Squadron X, led by Lieutenant Commander (now Commander) Alan R. Montgomery, went into action. Their opposition? A force consisting of one battleship, three cruisers, eight destroyers! "The odds," admits Commander Montgomery, "were unquestionably not in our favor." Four PTs against a battleship task force of twelve ships!

The names of the officers and men who manned those four torpedo boats are engraved now in naval history, for they proved something. In dispersing the Japs with the loss of a heavy cruiser, they eliminated all doubt that the PTs are an offensive weapon of tremendous power. And they proved it again and again—their and their mates aboard the other four boats of Squadron X—in the nights that followed. They did not always halt the Bougainville Express, but time and again they sent it fleeing back to Bougainville, battered and disorganized.

In four months of night patrol at Guadalcanal, the eight tiny boats of this squadron sank an official minimum of eleven enemy ships! They sank more, but were usually racing at full throttle for home when the Japs went down, and could not stop to collect souvenirs. Yet eight PT boats cost comparatively nothing and are manned by only eighty men plus a small base force.

No one doubts now that the PTs are an offensive weapon. Guadalcanal proved it. Other squadrons are proving it again and again. The PTs are not ocean-going mammoths; they will never accompany long range fast forces (unless some method is devised to transport them on larger ships and launch them for combat when needed)—but in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the English Channel, the Aleutians, and particularly in the South Pacific where conditions are ideal for them, they have been able to hit harder, with less expenditure of men and money, than any other brand of sea power.

They are a proud and permanent addition to our Navy, and the picked officers and men who proved them to be most of them.

TO learn something about the PT Boats and the training given the Navy men who serve on them, read **BOB REED'S WINNING PT COMMAND AT MELVILLE** by Henry B. Lent, published by Macmillan, price \$2.00. In the story of Bob Reed's training and in the official navy photographs the reader will learn about this amazing craft. The information is authoritative, and is entertainingly presented.



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sapling intruded in it he swung the axe and slashed it down. Tom, at his heels, cleared from the trail the few leaves Solly missed. Peter followed them down, and approached Tom.

"It's a bad fire," he said.

"Yes."

Tom glanced up, hostility in his eyes, then down again. Peter looked wonderingly at him. Sudden anger leaped in Peter.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Get out of my way."

Solly laughed, a gurgling chortle that rolled deep in his scrawny throat, and continued to swing his rake. They came to a place where the leaves were very thinly scattered on the ground. Tom swung around Solly and went twenty feet down the slope to start the trail there. Solly paused a moment and looked at Peter.

"You're wonderin' why he's mad atcha, huh? Faugh! Fool kids in the woods! Why'd you have to come here!"

"What are you driving at?"

"Faugh! Fool kids in the woods! Fool, red headed city kids startin' fars!"

"Red starting fires!"

"Who's startin' it? There w'n't no fishermen up Coon-Tall this mawnin', Joe Ganepny, our game w'n'den, was up there checkin'. An' that fool story about killin' deer with arrows! Pete Motto tol' Jawn Crow an' me three days ago that that fool red head was playin' with bon fars in this thicket. You better start packin' when you get back to the tower. How would you feel if you was Tawn, an' your pappy went in a far' started by a fool kid to find the fool kid who started it?"

"Do you mean John Crow went in there to get Red?"

"Jawn went in to see if he's thar," Solly said. "Jawn ain't lettin' no fool kid burn up in no far'."

Peter writhed inwardly. "Wouldn't—wouldn't it have been safer for him to go to the foot of the bluff and follow the fire up?"

"Yeh," Solly sneered. "Sure 'nuff that would of been safer. But Jawn ain't aimin' to let no fool red head burn up if he can help it. Goin' in behind the fire would be a great help if the kid's ahead of it! Why'd you have to come here? Pete Motto would of did better."

"I think you and Tom can fight this fire as well without me!" Peter said desperately.

"Better!" Solly agreed fervently. "Better!" We won't have no fool kid in our way!"

"Then I'll be going."

"Whar?" Solly asked suspiciously.

"Down from the mountain."

"Don't go high that far," Solly warned. "Giv'n Jawn gets out of it, he'll skin Tawn an' me if we let anything happen to you. If you're goin', git clean away!"

Peter turned, walked back up the path that Tom and Solly had scraped in the leaves. He reached the top of the mountain, and looked back to see them talking together. But as soon as he looked they broke apart and resumed trenching the fire. Peter swallowed hard. Red hadn't started this fire. But for some reason Tom and Solly thought he had and now they were his enemies. Still, if his father had gone into a fire to find someone else's brother—

HE WALKED out of sight of the two on the slope. A strange calm and a sureness that he had never known before, possessed him. For the first time in his life he had a critical decision to make. He felt calm because he felt capable of making that decision; sure

Fire Watch

(Continued from page 11)

because he remembered something.

A lumbering porcupine waddled out of the laurel, and grunted plaintively as he started across the field of boulders. The curtain of smoke had thickened but still did not shield the trees on top. Peter walked along the border of the thicket, peering into it at the trees. Then he came to the thing he remembered.

Deep within the laurel an elm reared its thin branches high above all the other trees. Peter squinted at it and tried to estimate how far he was from the ravine that bisected the bluff. But there was nothing by which he could judge except the tree and it was hard to estimate exactly how far that was. Peter hesitated, a wrong move now meant death by fire. But this had to be right. He took a deep breath and plunged from the safety of the rock bed into the thicket.

He came to where the laurel was too thick to go through and backed at the resilient trunks with the axe. They gave before it. Peter dropped the axe, clutched the rake with both hands, and slashed fiercely. The laurel bushes collapsed leaving long, spear-like stubs thrust up in his path. Peter picked up the axe and walked over them, felt one of the razor edged stubs catch and rip his trousers. He looked up, could not see the top of the elm, and coughed as he inhaled the smoke. Great tears rolled from his eyes, and it seemed to him that he was making maddeningly slow progress. The fire was coming very fast.

He tripped and scraped his cheek on a boulder's rough side as he fell head-long. For a moment he lay quiet, breathing in the sweet air that hovered near the ground. Peter nodded to himself. This was something he had known and should have remembered. In any fire the air closest to the ground was always freshest. Well, he wouldn't forget it again.

He got to his feet and struggled on, smashing through the laurel where he could and cutting it out of his path where he could not break through. The smoke swirled about him, his tortured eyes seemed no longer able to bear the pain. Again he got to his hands and knees and breathed in the fresh air

that eddied near the ground. He crawled forward and was suddenly aware that no more brush obstructed his path. Peter looked up to find himself in Red's clearing.

He rose. The fire seemed just under the rim of the bluff now. A walling shiver rose high and died away. Peter shuddered. Something had been caught down there, something alive that lived no longer. Peter struggled to the elm. Red was not here now. But he had been here. His saxophone case, looking oddly huge and empty, lay open on the ground beneath the tree. Ashes had fallen into it and a live spark had burned a hole in the plush lining. Peter cupped both hands to his mouth and shouted.

"There was no answer and no sound save the steady roar of the flames and the crackle of burning brush. Peter rubbed a hand across his sweating temple and shouted again.

"Oh-o-oh, Red!"

STILL no answer. Peter bit his lip to force down the fear rising within him. He sat down on the rock and tried to think very clearly. Red had been here and gone. But where had he gone? Peter glanced back. But the fire was very close now; in a matter of minutes it would sweep over the bluff. If he tried to go back the way he had come it would overtake him. He closed his eyes and covered them with his hands. Then he groped his way to the rim of the bluff and found the shallow head of the ravine. Peter looked down the bluff and stifled another impulse to run back.

Scarcely two hundred yards away a great sheet of flame extended the width of the bluff. Peter screamed:

"Red! Where are you?"

His voice seemed startlingly clear, resonant, and far-reaching. But still there was no answer. Peter looked at the sheet of flame climbing the bluff and his haunted eyes darted about the clearing. There seemed no escape. The flame would engulf the pitifully small clearing. He murmured through parched lips:

"Take it easy, Pete."

A burning branch touched his shirt



"My idea was to keep them warm 'til you got back from lunch!"

and smoke began to rise. Peter beat out the smoldering fire with his hand and put the hand in front of his face to ward off the fierce blast of heat that assailed it. A monotonous, methodical little voice began to pound through his brain, "Fresh air near the ground, fresh air near the ground, fresh air—" But it must also have been a commanding, imperative little voice. Peter found himself on the ground, crawling forward, his body shrinking from the fierce heat. He smelted dust and rolled over and over on the rocks to extinguish the small fires in his clothing. Dully he propped himself up and looked down the bluff for the fire. It was all behind him. In some inexplicable fashion he had passed through the worst of the flame.

BUT he was in the worst of the smoke. The many boulders on the bluff were thickly coated with lichens and moss, dry on top but wet on the bottom that smoldered as fire crept through it; and thick smoke, with no fire blast to carry it skyward, rolled close to the ground. Peter began to cough. A strange shuddering seized him, and for a moment it seemed that the ravine was upending and settling back again. He started towards the ravine's side but caught himself in time. A great weariness, an overpowering impulse to lie down and sleep, assailed him. All about the gnarled trees were burning.

Suddenly there was movement in the smoke. Something rushed his legs and Peter reached down to feel rough fur. "Crusty!"

His voice was a husky croak that rasped through cracked lips. He knelt and hugged Crusty tight. A leaping ecstasy grew within him, and from somewhere he seemed to tap a hidden well of new strength. Red hadn't heard him call, but Crusty had. And loyal little dog, he had come back into the fire to find him. Crusty whined. Peter said as though it was a strange, new thought:

"I can get out of this, Crusty. Sure I can. I'm not done in. Come on and we'll start."

Crusty at his side, he started crawling down the ravine. Then, ahead, he saw a place where the smoke thinned. One of the gnarled trees, a dead stub burned in two at the base, lay halfway across the ravine. Slow fire was creeping up its trunk and the flame had driven away the ground hugging smoke. Peter turned to bypass around the end of the log. But Crusty cocked his ears up and whined, the while he looked anxiously at the burning tree. Peter followed his queuing gaze and gasped. Near the end of the tree, partially concealed by an oututting limb, a man lay flat on his back. A galvanized fire pump, its straps broken, lay twenty feet from him and a broken-handled bush hook was near the pump. A huge limb had pinned the man's right leg to a boulder holding him tight in a trap from which there was no escape. Peter crawled over and looked into the sweating, pain-distorted face of John Crow.

The man's eyes were closed, his head lay back on the ground, and his teeth bit deep into his lower lip. There was a long burned spot on his shirt and the left leg of his trousers was singed. Peter touched his forehead and the Ranger opened his eyes curiously like a man awakening from deep sleep.

"What—Who is it?"

"It's me, Peter Lachlan."

"You! How did you get here?"

"I came in to find my first Red."

"And you got this far!" Crow closed his eyes again. When he opened them there was something new in them, something that Peter had never seen before. And he knew that, at least, he

had done something to command the respect of this hard-bitten woodsman. Then, "All right, Lachlan. Tear a piece from your shirt, wet it from your canteen, and tie it over your nose and mouth. It'll help you breathe. Then get down the ravine. Find Tom and Solly and tell them where I am."

Peter gulped and looked at the thick smoke draping the ravine. He went into a paroxysm of coughing that racked his body. The weariness was again upon him, a strange light-headedness that bade him lie down here beside John Crow and, like him, wait for help to arrive. His eyes seemed on fire and the many burned places on his body were throbbing, torturing sores. It seemed a million miles to the foot of the ravine. He had told Crusty that he could make it all right. But now—

"Mr. I'm going to take you with me, Mr. Crow."

"How can you?"

"I'll chop that limb off." Crow turned his head painfully. "You got an axe, huh? Start chopping. Cut her close to the trunk and stay upbilly. The tree'll roll when the limb's cut."

Peter fixed a wet handkerchief as directed, took a stance beside the trunk, and began chopping. John Crow watched him, and a queer little smile played around his lips. Peter averted his eyes. At the best, probably, he was making a clumsy job of chopping and the man was laughing at him. But, curiously, he did not care. The axe bit through the limb and the trunk went rolling down the ravine. John Crow rolled over, used his own body as a lever to roll the limb from him. He tried to rise, moaned, and settled back again.

THICK smoke eddied about them. Peter wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and looked down at the prostrate man. Something else, he did not quite know what, had gone wrong. There seemed to be half a dozen men, animated human jacks that sprang out of and back into one another. The tree that had pinned the man down was a monstrous thing, hundreds of feet high and wide. Then it was suddenly no larger than a match stick. Peter propped his way to Crow's side, passed a hand about his shoulder. As soon as he felt with his hands everything resumed normal proportions.

"Can you walk?"

"Blas! If I want to. But I just can't make my right leg behave!"

Peter pulled the man, ran his fingers up and down John Crow's right leg. Then, below the knee, he felt broken bones grate. Crow gave a sharp little yelp of anguish, and bit his lower lip. Peter returned to his axe and split into slender splints part of the limb he had chopped off. He straightened the Ranger's leg, felt the bone slip into place, laid him down, and bound them there with the two handkerchiefs and strips from his shirt.

"Mr. Crow, you're no good sitting here in this ravine."

"That's right. I ain't."

The thick smoke streamers crept back into the place where the burning stub had been twining sinuous tendrils about them. Peter went into another spasm of coughing. A man might live a long while in that smoke. But then again he might not.

"I'm going to carry you out."

"Can you do it?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead."

John Crow rose to a sitting position. Peter stumbled forward and blinked rapidly. The injured man seemed a wavering shape that wouldn't hold still, a blurred thing that retreated as he advanced. Peter put out a hand to touch his shoulder and again every-



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thing resumed normal proportions. He turned around, stooped facing away and passed an arm about each of the hurt man's knees. Crow grasped his shoulders and Peter rose.

"Go straight down the ravine."

"Yes, sir."

Peter took a faltering step forward. Down the ravine. But which way was down? He blinked fast and saw the ground dim. The weight on his shoulders increased out of all proportion to what a man should weigh. The mouth of the ravine seemed an unattainable distance away. He would never get there.

Then, out of the swirling smoke and blackened earth, a new sound came. Sharp and clear, it rose high above the snapping trees and the moss that murmured as it burned. Peter turned gratefully towards it, sure of himself at last. There was only one thing in the world that made a noise like Red's saxophone.

He kept his head bent, falling eyes to the ground, searching out every rock and fallen log in his path. Another falling tree crashed five feet behind and John Crow moved restlessly on his shoulders. Peter shifted his arms a little and went on. Then, at last, he breathed fresh, sweet air and heard the creek bubbling at his feet. Someone patted beside him and Red's voice said,

"Pete!"

"I'm all right."

Peter knelt, and eased John Crow to the ground. He groped a way to the creek, lay beside it, and buried his burning face in an icy pool. The smarting pain ebbed from his eyes, the shock of the water cleared his brain. He raised his head, stared across the creek. Life Tanager, the man he and Red had first met on the train, stared back at him. Tanager's lower body was high off the ground, held there by the trap in which Red had hoped to catch a bear



Peter said, more to himself than anyone else.

"The hat!"

"The what?" John Crow asked.

"The hat," Peter repeated. He indicated the gray ten gallon hat lying on the ground beside Tanager. "It's exactly like the one Pete Motto wore. This man didn't intend to be seen. But if he was seen, he wanted people to think they'd seen Pete Motto. There's his bow on the ground, Mr. Crow. I'll show you that dead buck."

"Like the man who caught the skunk by the tail, Pete, I believe you've got something there."

"You got nothing on me! I only been back in this country a week!" snarled Tanager.

"Mr. Crow, what's the latest you ever knew a buck to keep its horns?" asked Peter.

"I never knew a wild buck to shed later than March."

"Back in that cave we found the head of a buck with horns. That should prove

something else."

"And this still something else," Red averred. He took a handkerchief from his pocket, unwrapped it, and displayed a stub of candle. "Our pal set his candle too near the edge of the creek this time. It fell into the water when the grass burned through and I found it bobbing in a little back eddy when I got here. For once I happened to be in that elm instead of beneath it. I saw him shoot that buck. He saw me when I shinned down the tree and clunked me on the head with my own saxophone case!" Peter stared at the bruise on Red's temple. Red grinned. "Don't worry, Pete. You can't hurt Red Lachlan by hitting him on the head. Crusty was licking my face when I came to—he still had a piece of Mr. Tanager's pants hanging from his teeth. The fire was going good but we came down the ravine. Crusty went back up and came back again just a couple of minutes ago. I figured you might be on your way and started going out on

the saxophone to sort of help steer you."

Peter looked awkwardly at the fire. It was dying, had burned itself out on the rocks at the head of the ravine and at the trench Tom and Solly had made. Only the north side of the slope was still burning slowly.

"Let's take Mr. Crow home, Red."

It was then that John Crow exploded. "What! Ain't you kids learned yet that this is fire weather? Get back up to the tower where you belong! Tom an' Solly will be by this way right soon to take care of that little piddlin' fire up there. They'll see that our pal gets to the proper place too—back to jail!" His face softened. "But the next rainy day, if both you young'uns don't come down to headquarters, I personally will come up and skin you alive! I got some things about forestry to talk over with you, Pete. As for you, Red, bring that horn. And I never thought John Crow would be the one to say them things can make music. Bring that foot dog, too. I can make the best pot of beanish beans you ever threw a lip over. If the dog don't like 'em, he can eat the pork off the pot. Git, both of you!"

For a moment both Pete and Red glanced at the Ranger. Then as they turned back toward the road, Red said:

"O.K. Ranger. We'll be seein' you next time it rains."

THE END

A YOUNG easterner involved in a fight in St. Louis flees west as one of Jedediah Smith's employees, as told in Merritt Parmelee Allen's story *THE SUN TRAIL*, published by Longmans Green and costing \$2.00. He travels the difficult route to the rendezvous where the firm of which Smith is one meets the trappers. Then Rob goes on with Smith, who is determined to find a route over the Rockies to California.

A CEDAR POST CABIN

W. BEN HUNT—WILES CORNERS, WIS.

It is not everyone's good fortune to be able to get logs for a cabin, but it is not too difficult to get cedar fence posts or other small logs.

5 or 6 inch logs of fence posts, 7 feet long, set vertically and properly chinked will make a substantial year round cabin.

In this plate we have tried to show how such a cabin is constructed. Of course some saved lumber will also be required.

The drawing shows a plain cabin. You may wish to add a wing or a lean-to, or you may want a screened-in porch. The method of construction is about the same. Window sashes should be on hand before setting logs in order to make the frames the correct size. Windows can be hung on hinges to swing upward or sideways.

Window frames and door frames can be made of 2"x6" lumber.

Cabin can be set on stone or concrete piers, as shown, set below frost line or it can be set on crosscutted posts depending on the locality.

• ALWAYS USE PEELED LOGS •



STOVE PIPE: A stove is not as romantic as a fireplace warmer.

TOPS OR ENDS OF LOGS LIKE THIS—

OLD LUMBER CAN BE USED

TOOLS:

Bottoms are nailed to sill.

Sills can be made of two 2"x6" planks spliced together.

END VIEW

SIDE VIEW

—FLOORS—
Lay your floor after the doors and windows are hung. You can have a hard packed clay or dirt floor, a concrete floor, or you can lay joists and put down a wood floor.

—ROOF—
A good grade of asphalt roofing paper, well laid, will last a good many years and will last still longer if given a coat of tar every three or four years.

—DOOR—
A real pioneer door can be made of halved logs. Cedar posts are easy to rip. Batton strips should be nailed over the cracks on the inside.

—CHINKING—
Logs should be set close together and can be chinked with triangular strips of wood or with outside stucco plaster.

Before plastering old nails should be driven into logs to hold the plaster.

Old nails driven in part way.

Logs should alternate, butt up and butt down, and should be made to fit fairly close by trimming with a drawknife.

Or you can chink with moss and small saplings.

PLASTER

WOOD

WOOD

WOOD

WOOD



"Wakonda The-Thu Atonhe"

The rubbing stick has created the spark...the tinder is lit...the fire blazes. Dressed in full Indian costume, including a headdress with flowing eagle feathers, the Scoutmaster solemnly intones:

"From the North, from the South, from the East, from the West, may good luck come to us always. I now declare the camp fire open."

One of the thrilling moments in camp!

Seated in a ring...stripped to the waist, shoulders covered by blankets, their faces in war paint and feathers in their hair...looking like real Indians...are the campers, their faces lighted by the glow of the fire. Eagerly they await the story to come...a story of Indian adventure or Indian lore...a real boy's story that holds each Scout breathless to the last word. For a moment there is not a sound...then the tension is broken by the signal for all to rise and sing the Tribal Prayer

which closes an Indian Campfire.

"Wakonda the-thu wahpathin atonhe
Wakonda the-thu wahpathin atonhe"

Sleepy boys file back to their tents...and more camp memories are stored up to be treasured.

Camp can only be fully enjoyed when one is properly equipped. The Scoutmaster will furnish each Scout with a list of what is needed in the way of Official Boy Scout Uniforms and Official Boy Scout Equipment. The friendly Boy Scout Distributor is ready to help the Scout make the right selection. This year, when stocks are low, it is advisable to visit the nearest Trading Post as soon as possible. If the Scout Distributor is out of any of the items, be patient. He is doing his best to replace all his stocks but, due to war conditions, various shortages and difficulties in connection with manpower sometimes make it impossible for him to secure all the supplies he needs.

★ ★ ★

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SCOUT DISTRIBUTORS IN YOUR CITY
OR COMMUNITY



Rainy Daze

Rainy Day Fun in Camp

The real campers' program for wet weather is just about the same as it is for a sunny day. He goes right ahead with most of his scheduled plans and takes the opportunity to practice starting fires in the rain. He learns the practical application of ditching tents, catches up on his signaling and first aid practice, chops wood for future use, hones his knife and axe to an edge worthy of a Scout.

All these are his activities, plus extras based on his handicraft work, hobbies, collections, and games. Especially games, for all Scouts like games.

Fun with Checkers If you bring out a set of checkers you will be able to play a sociable game with your tent mates. For variety you can try your hand at "Kings," in which each player starts off with six kings. This is a fast moving game.

"Throw-off Checkers" is another good game. The checker champ will have a tough time with this one for the object is to try to lose all your checkers. That's right, the player who loses all of his checkers first is the winner. Every jump must be taken, a player cannot refuse to jump a checker if it can be won.

"Five In A Row" will provide you with lots of fun, too. For this game you should have fifteen checkers per man. Using both red and black squares on the checker board, each player tries to get five of his checkers in a row. The row can be either straight up and down, or across, or diagonal. Opponents move by turns and place their checkers anywhere on the board by turns until one or the other has five in a row, or until all fifteen checkers are on the board. When all the checkers are down, if neither player has succeeded in getting five in a row, you begin moving the checkers on the board. Any checker may be picked up and put on any unoccupied spot. Continue playing until someone gets five of his checkers in an unbroken row.

Some Individual Combat Games Many man-to-man combat games can be played right in your Patrol's tent. The "Back-to-back Lift" is one of them. Two Scouts stand back to back with their arms interlocked.

The object is to lift your opponent off the ground without moving your feet. "Elbow Wrestling" is an old reliable. Opponents place their elbows on a table or other stand and clasp hands. The object is to force the other man's hand down to the table top.

Judging Weight You might try the "Scales" game. One player is "it" and he becomes a human weighing machine. He is blindfolded and bends over. Anyone of the other players may get on his back and "it" must then guess who it is by his weight. If he guesses wrong he must bend over for a new trial; if he guesses right the hopper becomes the "scales."

Fishing in a Tent Certain fish are said to bite especially well during rain. If you're wet you can do your angling right inside your tent by playing "Fishing."

Equip each player with a fishing pole consisting of a three foot stick with a five foot string and a hook made of a bent wire pin. The fish are old thread spools with a wire tied to the sides so that it forms a loop on top. Make twelve or more of these fish and set them in the center of the tent with all the fishermen stationed around. Then set the players fishing to see who can hook out most of the spools. There will be keen competition for the last few fish.

When all the fish are out of the pond the fun begins again because inside each spool is coiled a strip of paper with a number from one to five. Each fisherman totals the "Weight" of his catch and the player with the highest score is the champion fisherman.

Learn by Playing You can think up plenty of nature games which will familiarize you with important Scouting lore and furnish entertainment besides. For instance, you can get a dozen or so leaves from different trees in your vicinity and put them in your Scout hat. Take them out one at a time and hold them up for the whole group to see. The Scout who guesses the correct name first gets one point. Highest score wins.



This symbol represents an adjustable capacitor which is part of a short-wave radio set or, as a matter of fact, of any radio set.

That symbol is only one of the many symbols you'll learn when you take up the interesting and fascinating hobby of shortwave radio. Here are a few more questions. See what you can do with these:

1. What function does the filter condenser and filter choke coil perform in the power supply of a radio receiver?
2. What natural phenomenon permits long distance operation of comparatively low power shortwave radio transmitters?
3. What does this symbol represent?
4. What does this symbol represent?

(See answers at bottom of ad)

You can have lots of fun with shortwave radio tuning in on all parts of the United States; and it is wonderful to learn about foreign countries too, and the way people live and think. Can't you just imagine how simple your geography studies would be if you had a shortwave set?

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ANSWERS

1. They smooth pulsating DC from the rectifier into pure DC.
2. A region of ionized gases from 40 to 300 miles above the earth's surface, refracts or reflects the "Skywave" so that it comes down to earth at a great distance from its origin. This is called the Kennelly-Heaviside layer.
3. An air core inductance coil.
4. A variable resistor.

BUY A WAR BOND TODAY



Veteran Scout

(Concluded from page 7)

the fortifications of Bulawayo. It soon became evident that the strategy of the M'Limbo was to starve the Boers to the point of desperation, and then to attempt to escape through a narrow pass in the mountains, seemingly unguarded, but a trap. There was a gap in the encircling lines of the savages which made such escape reasonable. The medicine of the crafty M'Limbo was to let the whites pass through this gap in his lines and on to the mountain pass where they would be slaughtered, with a minimum loss of his warriors. Hence the Matabele delayed attack in force upon the pitifully inadequate fortifications and fighting forces of the whites.

Meantime, a young man named Armstrong, a native comrade of the M'Limbo in the pass through the Matopos mountains, disclosed to Chief of Scouts Burnham that he had knowledge of the lair of the M'Limbo. In great secrecy, he told Scout Burnham that a certain Zulu who had a Matabele wife had betrayed to him the location of the M'Limbo's cave in the Matopos. The informing Zulu told Armstrong that the cave was not the home of the M'Limbo; it was his temple, and the god would certainly strike dead any man except the M'Limbo who should put his foot in the cave. Armstrong was also told that in front of the cave there was a clearing which served as a meeting place of the Ring Kops (warriors and counselors), and that on a given afternoon these savage notables would be present for a special ceremony before the M'Limbo's cave. Armstrong further explained that the reason for the treachery of the informing Zulu was personal hatred of the M'Limbo, for when the Zulu's family had failed to pay tribute to the great high priest, the M'Limbo bewitched the Zulu family and killed them all. Armstrong explained that he and Scout Burnham go together, find the cave and kill the M'Limbo, and thereby put an end to the source of troubles and fighting with the Matabele.

Quickly sensing the possibilities no less than the dangers, Scout Burnham decided to scout and verify the information thus given to Armstrong by the cmbitted Zulu. Together, Scout Burnham and Armstrong disclosed their plan to the commanding officer of the defending military forces and gained his permission to attempt their perilous scouting, for it involved riding into the very jaws of death—slipping through the outer and inner guard lines of the savages guarding all approach to the cave of the M'Limbo. But nothing daunted Scout Burnham. Risking his life had been his daily if not hourly experience and in this case, if successful, it meant the survival of his comrades at arms. It meant the liberation of the whites of a vast area of the veldt. It meant a measure of vindication for men he respected and adored, men who were being unjustly maligned in high places of the British government for alleged bad management of the affairs of the Empire in South Africa. These highly respected and adored men were Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, and he found an imperishable place on the pages of history recounting the political, economic and social developments of a misdirected and stubborn, yet noble, people—the Boers of South Africa. Finally, this hazardous scouting attracted the soaring of the soul of Scout Burnham to high duty, the supreme test of a brave man.

OFF rode Scout Burnham and young Armstrong, first to scout and verify the information in the possession, then to carry out the final instructions of the commanding military officer under whom Scout Burnham served: "Capture the M'Limbo if you can. Kill him if you must. Do not let him escape." Baden-Powell, then a major and chief of staff of the British military forces in South Africa, was ordered to go with Scout Burnham and Armstrong in command of the perilous enterprise, but just before the start, news came to headquarters of important movements of the enemy near



THE CRANE
You'll have to pardon Mister Crane
Who wades content in this wild bog
Her's just a little hoarse again . . .
For in his throat he HAS a frog!
ERIC ERICSON

Bembel and Baden-Powell was ordered to that section instead. Here the skin of our narrative becomes prophetic. For this was the Baden-Powell who later founded the Boy Scout Movement. And this was Scout Burnham whose dash, daring, skills, selfless service, and unflinching character, gave Baden-Powell his model and much of his material for fashioning the program and the code of honor of Scouting for boys of ten age.

It would take a dozen pages to outline the scoutcraft employed to gain entrance to the M'Limbo's cave. Suffice it to note that Scout Burnham had fixed in his mind two bills of very important and guiding information. First, that the Ring Kops would meet in special ceremony in front of the M'Limbo's cave; this would be the moment to slip through the inner guard of the pre-occupied savages. Second, that he, Scout Burnham, must be inside the cave, for to be certain of the identity of the M'Limbo he must find the man who alone dared to enter the cave-temple. Strategy, ingenious camouflage, stealth and split-second timing in every movement, enabled Scout Burnham and Armstrong to gain entrance and stand in the shadows of the cave as the M'Limbo entered. Capture and escape with the M'Limbo in their possession was impossible. Scout Burnham attracted the attention of the M'Limbo and gave him a sporting chance to defend himself, then shot the M'Limbo in

the heart. The M'Limbo fell dead at the feet of a master Scout whose medicine was more potent than the medicine of the great Matabele King. It is of note that the rife used in killing the M'Limbo now adorns the wall of a trophy room in the Hollywood home of Major Burnham.

The shot which killed the M'Limbo aroused a whole regiment of the Matabele warriors who gave chase to the fleeing Burnham and Armstrong. In their flight they set fire to a number of the huts of the savages. Outwitting and outturning their pursuers, they gained the place where they had concealed their horses. The race to safety was a hard and desperate ride of two hours, before the infuriated savages gave up the chase. Collapse of the second Matabele war soon followed and peace once again reigned throughout South Africa. Scout Burnham had played a mighty part in this achievement.

OUR intrepid hero now returned to America to mush for gold in Alaska and the Klondike. Here, as in South Africa, perilous adventures and tough sledding yielded to his perseverance, skills and hardihood. He was on the high road to possession of much gold and such creature comforts as this rough and awesome country afforded, when a cablegram reached him, saying:

"Lord Roberts appoints you to his personal staff as Chief of Scouts. If you accept, come at once quickest way possible."

Within an hour of the receipt of this message, Scout Burnham was on his way to South Africa, to render high service to the British Empire in her war of 1899-1902 against the Boers.

In many respects, Scouting and fighting the tenacious Boers was tougher than scouting and fighting the Matabele, for the Boers were intelligent white men, equipped with better arms, and of higher purpose in their fighting. The Matabele fought to preserve his jungle and savage squallor, the Boer to advance his civilization and his freedom, which he had wrought as the result of his vision and desire for isolation and independence and which had become the tradition of his realm.

The war between the British Empire and the Boers is an epic story of great and imperishable personalities, heroic deeds on both sides, and the triumphant march of civilization in South Africa. Scout Burnham was a star of America in this drama of extraordinary events. He scouted the realm of the Boers and their fighting forces with a selfless zeal, battled with inspired courage, and wrestled with death in loneliness and pain. He was captured and transported to a prison camp in Pretoria, from which he made his escape by outwitting his captors and overpowering his special guard who dogged every movement he made, day and night.

THE final war service of our hero in South Africa was a ride through the tightly-guarded lines of the enemy, alone and laden with a quantity of dynamite, to blow up bridges and railroads. He was the first of the British to the British column in its advance upon Pretoria, last of the strongholds remaining in the possession of the Boers. On this lonesome and perilous mission, he was shot and left for dead on the veldt. For days and nights he lay motionless, in a semi-conscious state, struggling against death with a will that mocked defeat—and hanging onto his sack of dynamite as no less precious than his life. As he regained consciousness, he crawled on hands and knees from one hiding place to another, employing little clumps of bushes, sap-

lings and mounds of earth for this purpose. Patrols of Boer scouts were frequently within a few feet of him in hiding places, but his consummate skill in making himself a silent and motionless part of the landscape enabled him to elude discovery and capture. Eventually, he gained his feet and with waning strength and in great pain from his wound, pressed forward and completed his mission—dynamited the designated bridges and railways. Thus he contributed his bit in bringing the Boer war to a speedy end. After a tortuous and arduous journey, he was picked up by his comrades and rushed to a field hospital for surgical treatment, thence to a hospital in Pretoria for more surgery and a period of convalescent care.

Incapacitated for further scouting and fighting, he was returned at the invalid to the British home—London—for further medical care and recovery from his near-fatal bullet wound. Before he left South Africa, he received a personal letter from Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the British military forces, in which this supreme military leader said, among other cheering and gracious things:

"... I doubt if any other man in the force could have successfully carried out the perilous enterprises on which you have from time to time been engaged, demanding as they did, the training of a lifetime, combined with exceptional courage, caution, and power of endurance."

In England, Scout Burnham was hailed as a hero. Queen Victoria invited him to visit her at Osborne. He was an honored guest at Oxford. American citizenship was no barrier to his being made a Knight of the British Empire Service Order. This high award for valor was bestowed upon him by Royal Decree. The investiture ceremony took place in St. James Palace, and the emerald gold cross of the D.S.O. was pinned to his breast by the new sovereign, King Edward VII, in the presence of England's highest civil and military authorities. In the hearts and eyes of the eminent statesmen and distinguished military leaders of England, Major Burnham stood forth as a symbol of the brotherhood of the brave.

This is but a portrait in miniature, for a full-length portrait of America's most distinguished living scout would require much more space than has been afforded. There is margin only for this dedication:

Here is the sufficient and heroic figure, model and living example, who inspired and gave Baden-Powell the plan for the program and the code of honor of Scouting for Boys.

AN absorbing story of the building of the Central Pacific Railroad across the Sierra Nevada Mountains is **THE BATTLE OF THE SIERRAS** by Richard Aldrich Summers (Ozford, \$2.00). The reader meets the men whose enterprise it was and sees a little of the difficulties they had in the main, he is with the workers engaged in what seemed a hopeless struggle against the mountains. The youthful hero was one who had run away from difficult and unpleasant conditions in his home in Connecticut to a life of adventure in the Union Army of the Civil War and from the army to the West. But in the war against time and physical odds he learns patience and persistence. The book is a good story, a good story of character development, a good story of engineering achievement.

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Parks Air College believes in the principles and ideals of Scouting. If you, being a Scout, are looking toward a career of usefulness and constructive service in aviation, you are invited to attend the College monthly publication, PARKS AIR NEWS.

Through its pages you will learn of many other Parks graduates. You will become acquainted with the College at which men who are making aviation history throughout the World studied.

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Religion.....

Marital Status.....

Signature.....



U. S. NAVY PHOTO, F4U "CORSAIR"

Fisherman's Agreement

"I was fishing last summer in Lonesome Lake and hooked a twelve inch trout," said Truthful Tuttle to Skookum Dan. "As I started to play him along came an eighteen inch bass and swallowed him. Before the bass was halfway to shore it was gulped by a twenty-six inch pike. As I struggled with the pike a three foot muskellunge took it down. After a terrific battle I landed four fish on one hook."

"Aw that's nothing," said Skookum Dan. "I think I had a stranger experience even than that. I was fishing for halibut off Cape Flatery, which is called the Graveyard of Ships. My luck was so good darkness came before I realized it. As I hauled up my line I saw a strange light rising toward me in the water. My hook had caught in the handle of a lantern. It was marked 'Davy Jones' and by heck even though it was pitted with rust it was lit and still burning brightly."

"Hm-m-m-m," said Truthful Tuttle cocking a quizzical eye at Skookum Dan. "I'll take off the muskie, the pike and the bass if you'll blow out that lantern!"—J. P. L.

Scout Training Aid Escape

From Roosevelt Council, Phoenix, Arizona, comes the following from one of their Scouts campaigning with the Army in Italy:

"One thing I noticed at the front was the number of times that my Scout training came in handy. The night I had to make my way eight miles through the mountains after escaping from the Italians I certainly was thankful that I knew the stars and some pathfinding. Such things as map reading, compass, field sanitation, first aid and use of pioneer tools, knots and splicing, pathfinding, hiking, star reading, and camping are all things I learned in the Scouts. It was only after I got to Tunisia that I realized how essential and basic these things are to a field soldier."

FROM HEALTH AND SAFETY

But He Beat the Hare

The speed of the tortoise has been measured. It was found to be twenty feet a minute or four miles a day.

Death of a Famous Dog

Balou, 12-year-old malemute who served for Scout Paul Siple on the Admiral Richard Byrd Antarctic expedition from 1933 to 1935 died of old age at Paul Siple's home in Erie, Pennsylvania, recently. His death occurred exactly fifteen years after the sailing of the first Byrd expedition in 1928.

Movie of the Month

The White Cliffs of Dover (M-G-M) definitely qualifies as a war picture but not at the boom, bang variety. It is full of thrilling action, though, and sure-fire humor that, thanks to Frank Morgan, never fails to go off. The picture is one of three featuring the celebration of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's twenty-year anniversary. In this connection, we are pleased to present our congratulations and, as well, our thanks for the many distinctive family films produced by them. In "our book" in this regard, many companies have done very well indeed but, with Mickey Rooney leading on, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer excels them all.

Moreover, as much as any other company, if not more, they have produced pictures of the type of The White Cliffs of Dover that, for this reviewer, represents a super-family film in interest and influence comparable to those distinguished English and American novels of the last century that were, and still are, read with equal delight by both aid and young, in the way of appreciation in this their twenty-year anniversary, we have no "award" to offer Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In place of that we are giving this review first place on our ever-popular page, On the Beam! and further, we are pleased to suggest to you readers that you will be doing a Good Turn for yourselves if you bring this review to the attention of your parents. Get me?

—FRANKLIN K. MATHEWS
Chief Scout Librarian

It Wouldn't Be Worth It

A certain rich alumnus of Yale offered the University a very substantial gift of money on condition that the alumni permit him to address them at their next annual gathering. This was easily arranged. He began his address by pronouncing the magic "Yale" with solemn emphasis. He spelled out "Y-A-L-E." He then proceeded to develop the content of the four magic letters. "Y" stood for "youth." Followed thirty minutes of reflection on youth and Yale. "A" obviously stood for "athletics," properly to develop which absorbed another thirty minutes. In turn "literature," and "education" were faithfully treated. This, with fifteen minutes of peroration, absorbed two hours and a quarter.

The meeting's chairman said: "While listening to the splendid and scholarly address of our distinguished brother I could not help reflecting upon our good fortune in being here in the hallowed precincts of Yale instead of in those of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."—From OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Scout Handbook for Blind Scouts

Scoutmaster Gordon Downey is the leader of an unusual Troop in Canada; a group of sightless boys at the School for the Blind in Halifax. Scoutmaster Downey wasn't a bit dismayed because the Second and First Class Scout books were not available for the blind. He set out to make them available—in Braille. Now his twenty-four Scouts, some blind and some partly blind, are able to study their tests like other Scouts.

He Might Spoil the Fight

A Marauder was coming home from an Italian mission when a formation of enemy planes was sighted on the horizon, far out of range. Sgt. Dick Morris, turret gunner, heard several short bursts of machine gun fire from the tail of the plane.

"What are you doing, Joe?" Morris yelled to the tail gunner, Sgt. Sam Gantetti.

"Warning up my guns," Joe explained.

"Well, for Pete's sake, cut it out. You'll scare 'em away," cried Morris.

And He Ate Beans

A can of baked beans saved a resourceful American pilot and his plane from the Japs in the South Pacific.

The unnamed American pilot safely landed his fighter plane with its leaking radiator riddled by bullets, on a tiny island well within the Japanese held Pacific, according to the story released by the radiator division of Winchester with War Department approval.

Instead of awailing death or capture, the pilot made an ingenious emergency repair on his radiator. Unlike the conventional radiators on automobiles in which the cooling liquid flows through a relatively small number of tubes, the cartridge core radiators on many fighter planes, are made up of thousands of small copper tubes so shaped that the cooling material flows around them and the air through them.

As soon as the pilot had located the damaged tubes, he cut the top and bottom from a can of baked beans, and with a blow torch and a soldering iron, soldered the discs of tin over the damaged ends of his radiator. Within an hour he was on his way back to his own base.

British Scouts Want Letters

The Secretary of The World Brotherhood of Boys has on hand a large number of letters from British Boy Scouts who wish American Scouts as pen pals. Any of our readers who are interested should write letters to the Secretary, giving name, address, age, Scout rank, Patrol name, hobbies and interests.



A MAGAZINE
FOR ALL BOYS

National Officers of the Boy Scouts of America

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HONORARY VICE PRESIDENT Lewis E. Grewell	TREASURER Lewis E. Grewell
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SCOUT OBSERVATION—Seventh in a series of advertisements, dedicated to the skill and courage of American aviators, showing Army and Navy aerial combat tactics.

You're a Navy pilot of a Scout Observation Plane aboard a cruiser. Your Skipper wants to know what's doing beyond the horizon and you're elected to find out!

You high-tail it to your OS2U, perched on its catapult over the fantail. Your engine's warmed up and ready—your plane captain saw to that. You climb in and get set for the Big Push. You've got to brace yourself. You pull your chin in, neck stiff. You hold onto the stick with your elbow jammed into your midriff, give the engine full throttle and signal O. K.

You're Off—And How!

There's a sharp report, like a five incher, and you're on your way! In 55 to 60 feet you've accelerated to 70 miles an hour. That's pick-up!

Now you're airborne and making altitude—right for the trouble spot. Wow! A Jap task force with transports and all! You send back the news and await orders. They come

fast. You've got to stay up there because it's your job to spot hits for your cruiser. Good thing you know about gunnery . . . good thing you've got a cloud to duck into by and by.

Close the Range!

There they go now—your shells from your own ships arching overhead—look at the elevation of those guns, almost perpendicular! You radio to close the range a bit—there they come—smashing the forward turrets of that Jap ship as if it were

made of matchwood. Now you see the dive bombers from your own Carrier come screaming in—there's a torpedo squadron, too.

It's all over sooner than you realize. The Japs, or what's left of them, have gone away. And you, your job done, "head for the barn" and a coke with the boys!

* * *

Pioneer in the Age of Flight, Shell Research made possible the first commercial production of 100-octane aviation fuel and supplied it to American

Military Aviation . . . giving our fighting aircraft new speed and range, and a great tactical advantage.

Three additional Shell "firsts in fuel" vastly increased both the power and production of aviation fuel.

Today, more Shell 100-octane aviation fuel is supplied to aircraft-engine manufacturers, for critical test and run-in purposes, than any other brand. And now, each day, Shell produces more than enough to fuel a bombing mission of 2,400 planes from England over Germany.



Notiz!



North American P-51 Mustang Fighter

Ein Tiefdeckerflügel Eindecker mit langer Nase, langem, schlankem Rumpf, großem bauchwärtigem Kühler, Einzelhose und Seitenleitwerk. Schwanzteil

Vierblatt-Propeller. In den Tragflächen montiert: Sechs 50-falbrige Maschinengewehre Gilt als das schnellste Flugzeug der Welt. Köhler der Nazimilitär

ATTENTION LUFTWAFFE! Keep away from this plane. Expect to see it on the farthest trip American bombers make. Expect to see it up high—40,000 feet—but don't expect to see it for long, because the Mustang travels at over 425 m. p. h.

And you can expect to see more and more Mustangs, too. The men and women at North American are stepping up production every month. So when you see this high fighting, far flying Mustang, look out Luftwaffe. Get out of there quick!

North American P-51 Mustang Fighter



ATTENTION AMERICANS! BONDS bought these planes. **WASTE FATS** helped arm them. **WASTE PAPER** helped ship them. **GASOLINE** flies them. **WIN** YOU help to deliver the next squadron?

FULL-VISION "TEARDROP" COCKPIT ENCLOSURE

DROPPABLE WING GAS TANKS, FOR INCREASED RANGE

SIX .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS

North American Aviation Sets the Pace

WE MAKE PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES... the B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan combat trainer, P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.